

NO.
54

PEEP COMICS

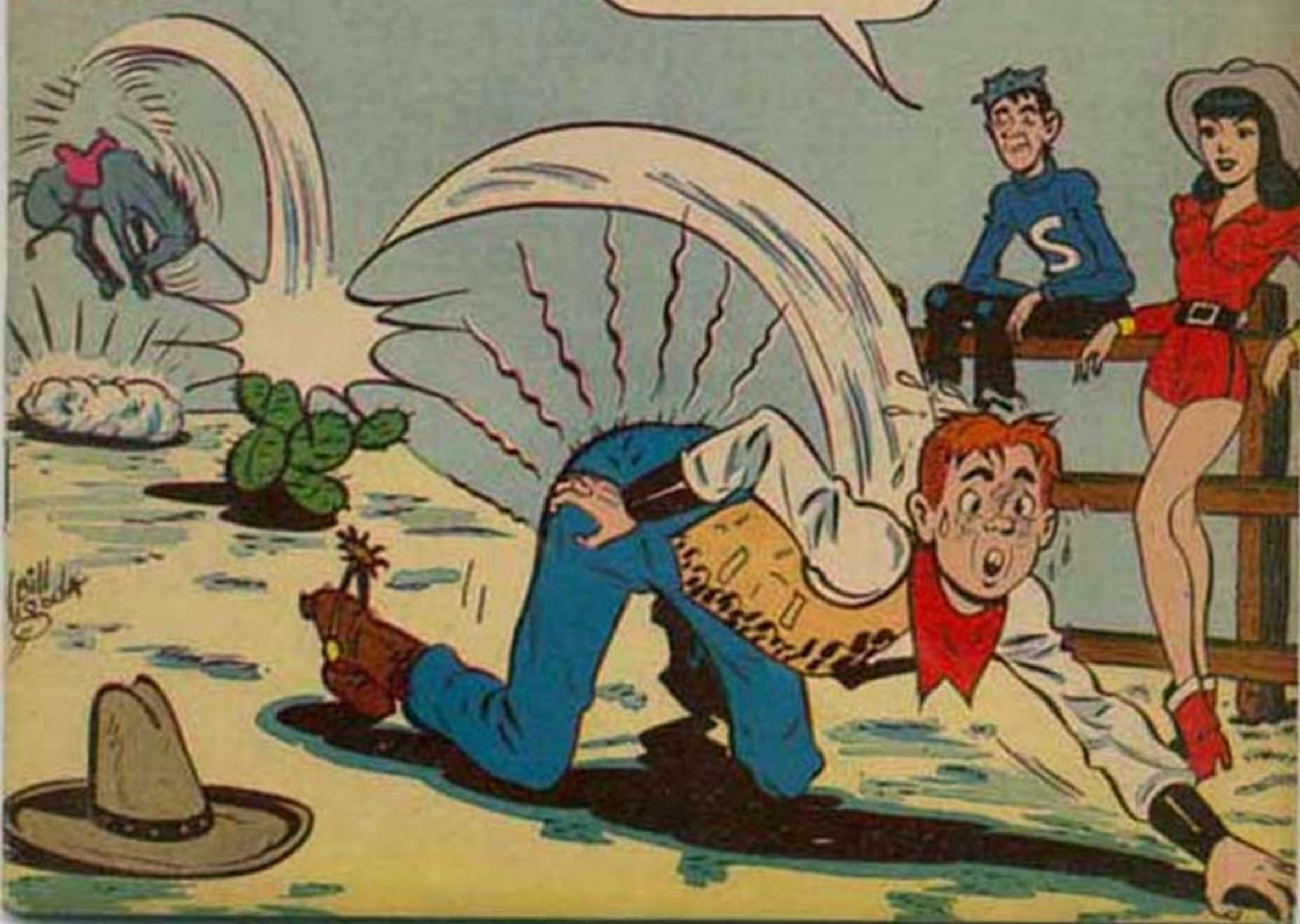
SEPT.
10¢



Starring ARCHIE ANDREWS!

AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE

HEY, ARCH, DO THAT OVER
AGAIN—VERONICA
DIDN'T SEE IT!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

EXTRA!

BULLETIN No. 32

Listen to ARCHIE ANDREWS Talk!!

WHERE: ON THE RADIO.

TIME: STARTS SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 2—10 A.M. E.W.T.

NETWORK: NATIONAL BROADCASTING CO. ON A COAST TO COAST
HOOK-UP.

How's that for news, gang? Archie, our pal, the guy whose middle name is trouble, and Jughead are going to do their stuff again on the radio. Dusty and I know that every member of the Shield G man club will tune in all right. But what we're going to ask you to do is pass the word along to your friends to tune in their radios. Let them in on the fun. And fun it will be. Funny as only Archie can be.

Remember . . . SATURDAY, JUNE 2. Let's tune in on Archie, Jughead, Ma, Pa, and the Girls.

*Sincerely
Joe Higgins*

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR
NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH
10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 603
241 Church St.
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the
SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am enclosing
this coupon together with Ten Cents to
cover the costs of handling and mailing
my Badge and Identification Card.



EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

NAME

ADDRESS AGE

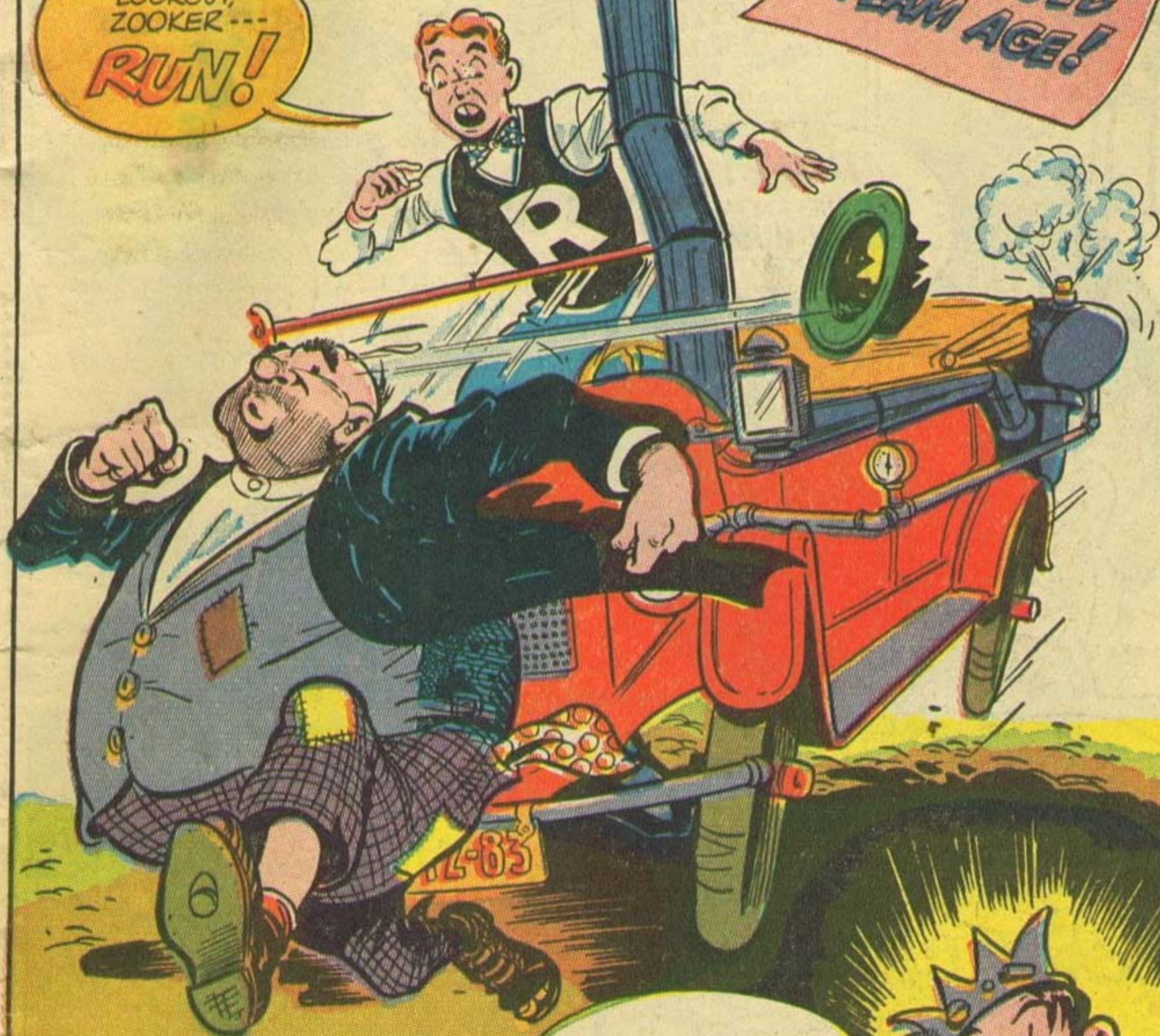
CUT ON THIS LINE

Archie

in **THIS
TEEN AGED
STEAM AGE!**

LOOKOUT,
ZOOKER---

RUN!



NO GANG-YOU'RE NOT
SEEIN' THINGS- ARCHIE
ACTUALLY INVENTED THAT
ROLLIN' TEAPOT! PULL UP
A CHAIR AND LET ME
TELL YOU ABOUT
IT!



IT ALL
STARTED ONE
DAY WHEN ARCHIE
AND I WERE ON
OUR WAY HOME
FROM RIVERDALE
HIGH



NOTICE
THE MAYOR OF RIVERDALE
ANNOUNCES THE FIRST
"SCHOOL BOYS
MODERN
INVENTION
SHOW"
A PRIZE OF \$25 WILL BE
GIVEN TO THE BOY
ENTERING THE WINNING
INVENTION

BOYO
BOY O BOY
25 BUCKS!

HUMPH--THAT
GUY WOULD PROBABLY
HAVE SLIPPED EDISON
A DIME FOR THE
STEAMBOAT!



DOPE!
ANYONE KNOWS
HENRY HUDSON
INVENTED THE
STEAMBOAT

LET'S SEE.....
WHAT COULD I
INVENT THAT
"JOHN AMEEGY"
AND "SPENCE
ARDRACY" HAVEN'T
YET?

IF YOU'D
DREAM UP SOMETHING
TO RUN YOUR CAR
ON BESIDES GAS.
WE WOULDN'T BE
HOOF'N IT EVERY
DAY!



THAT'S IT....
**THAT'S IT,
JUGHEAD!**
NO GAS! HENRY
HUDSON! STEAM!

WELL LET'S
NOT GET SO
STEAMED UP!

SO...WITH
A FULL HEAD
OF STEAM UP,
ARCHIE
EMBARKS ON
HIS GREAT
DONATION TO
SCIENCE...
WITH A
HEAD FULL
OF STEAM

AND
I'LL CALL IT
**ARCHIE ANDREWS'
STEAM CAR!**

BANG!



Tempus Fugit

WHICH IN COMICS MEANS YOU WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED IN WHAT HAPPENED FOR THE NEXT TWO DAYS!

JUGHEAD,

RUN DOWN TO THE RAILROAD YARD AND BRING BACK A SACK FULL OF SOFT COAL!

RUN?

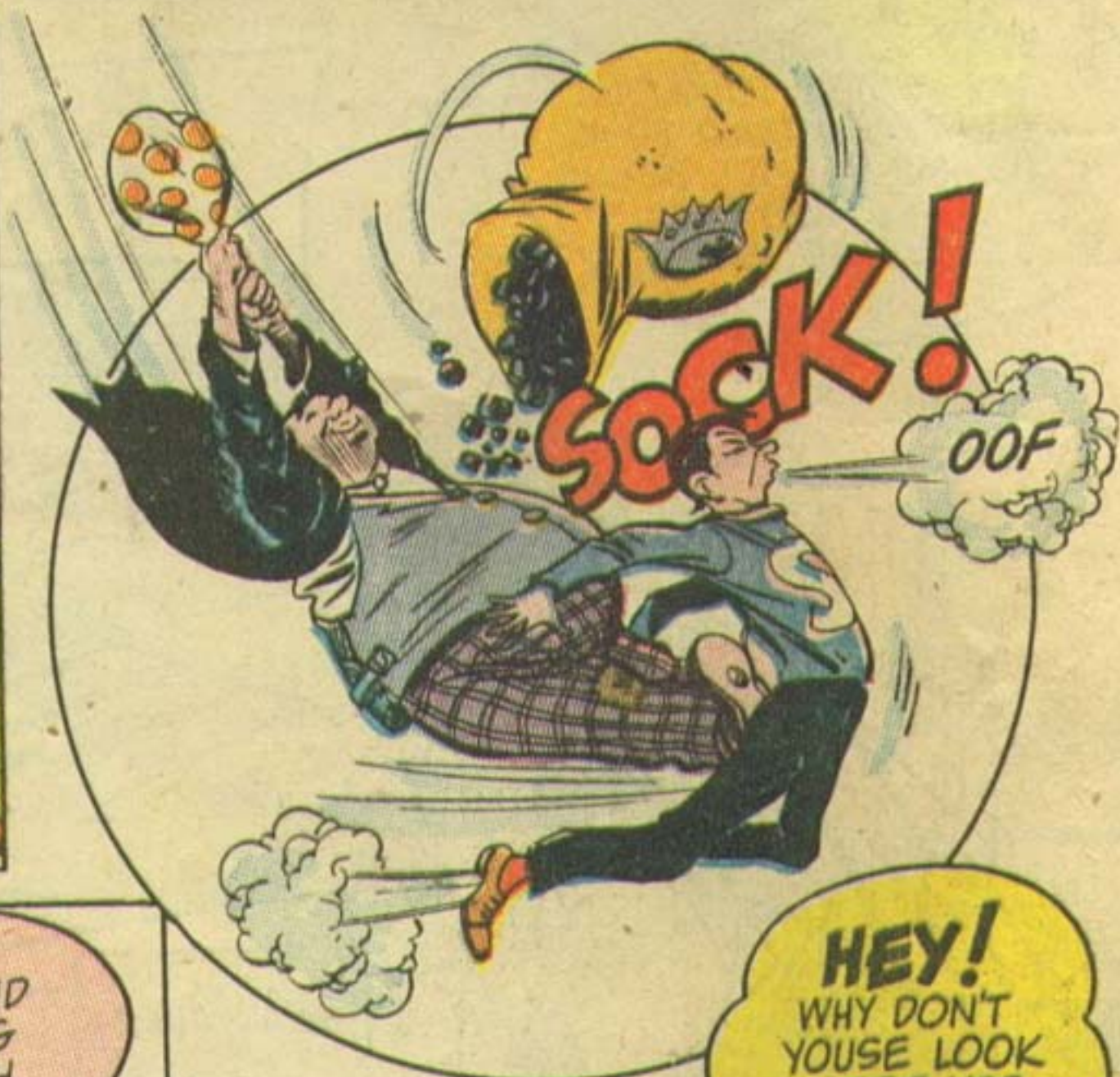
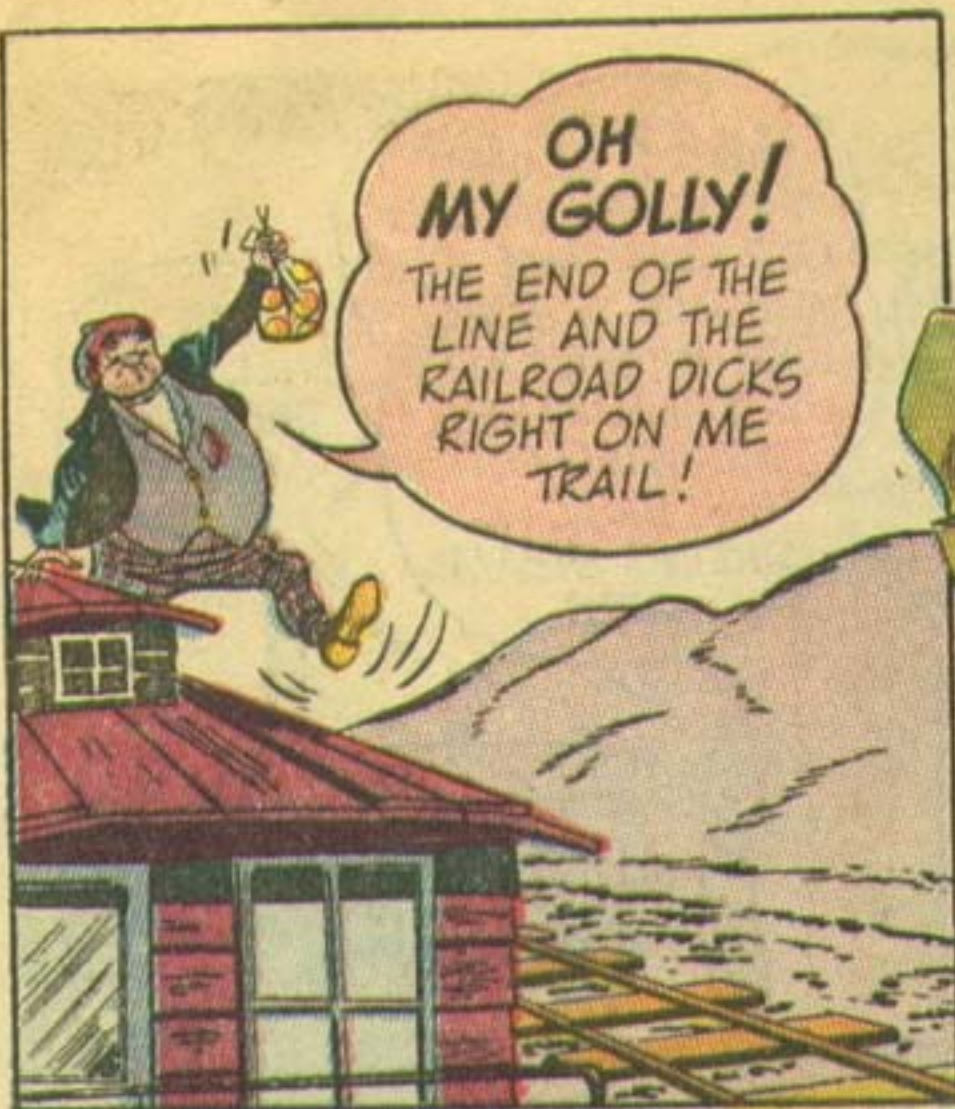
SEE! I'LL HEAT THE WATER IN THIS OLD GAS TANK BY MAKING A COAL FIRE IN THE OLD KITCHEN RANGE MOUNTED ON THE BACK.... MAKING STEAM... THEN..

ER.. I'LL GET THE COAL, ARCHIE!

WHY DO I ALWAYS PLAY PORTER TO ARCHIE? ANYONE WOULD THINK HE HAD ALL THE BRAINS WHEN HE ONLY HAS HALF

MEANWHILE..

A BINDLESTIFF!



WAITAMINIT! WHAT'S A YOUNG SQUIT LIKE YOUSE DOIN' IN DA FREIGHT YARDS? ARE YOUSE **RIDIN' DA RODS?** LEAVE ME SEE YOUR UNION CARD!

GULP.... NO.. I--I WAS JUST GETTING SOME COAL FOR ARCHIE'S AUTOMOBILE!

COAL? FOR AN AUTOMOBILE? YOUSE HAVE GOT A CLINKER IN YER NOGGIN!

NO, NO! HONEST-ARCHIE SAYS HE CAN FIX HIS CAR TO RUN ON COAL INSTEAD OF GAS!

SAY! DESE KIDS MAY HAVE A GOLD MINE AND OLD "ZOOK" IS IN LIKE A BOIGULAR!

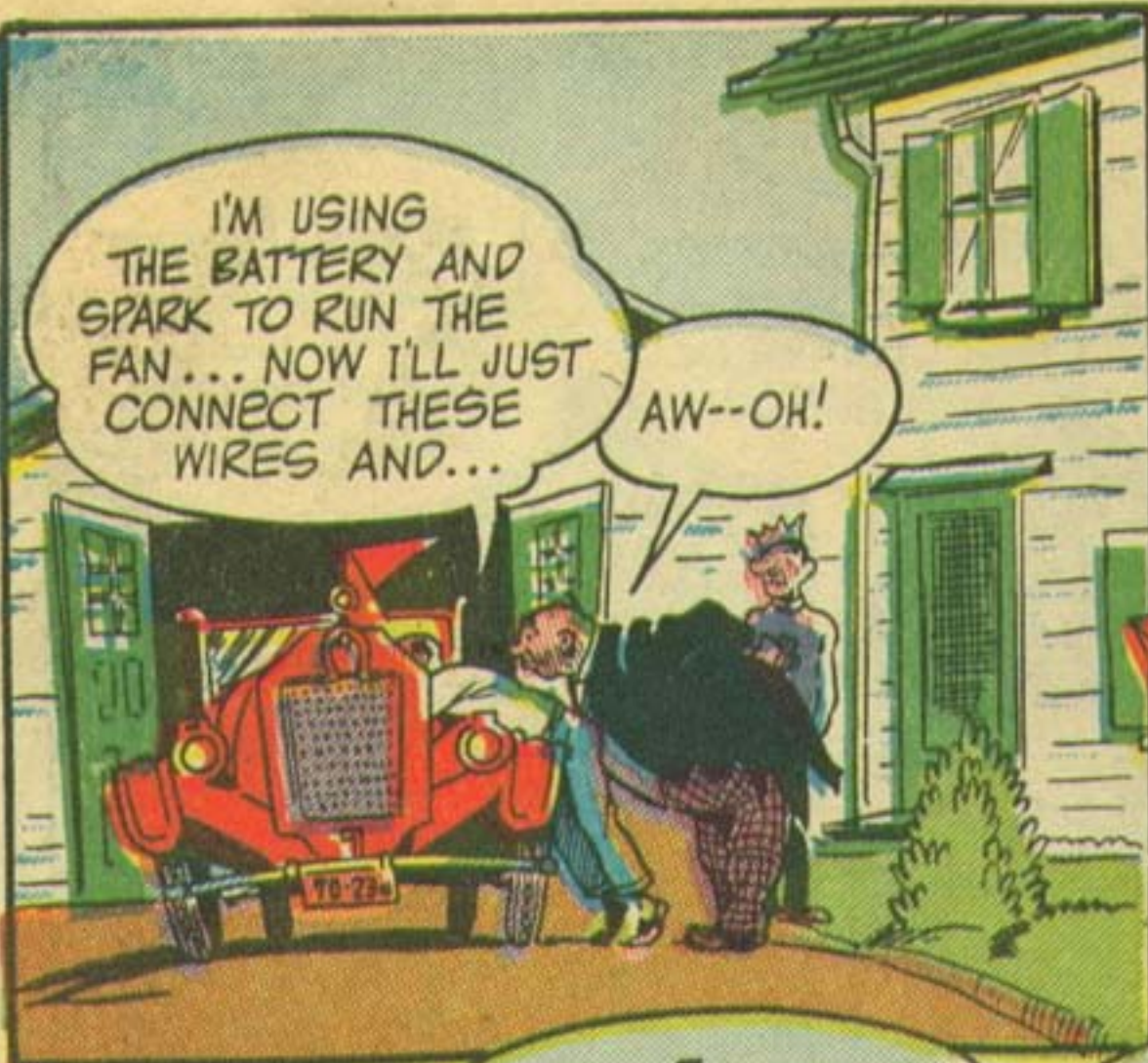
LEAVE ME HELP YOUSE, PAL!

AND DATS WHY I THINK WE SHOULD MOIGE, JUGHEAD

GOSH! YOU WERE CHIEF STOKER ON YOUR OWN SHIP? ...WAS IT A TRAMP STEAMER?

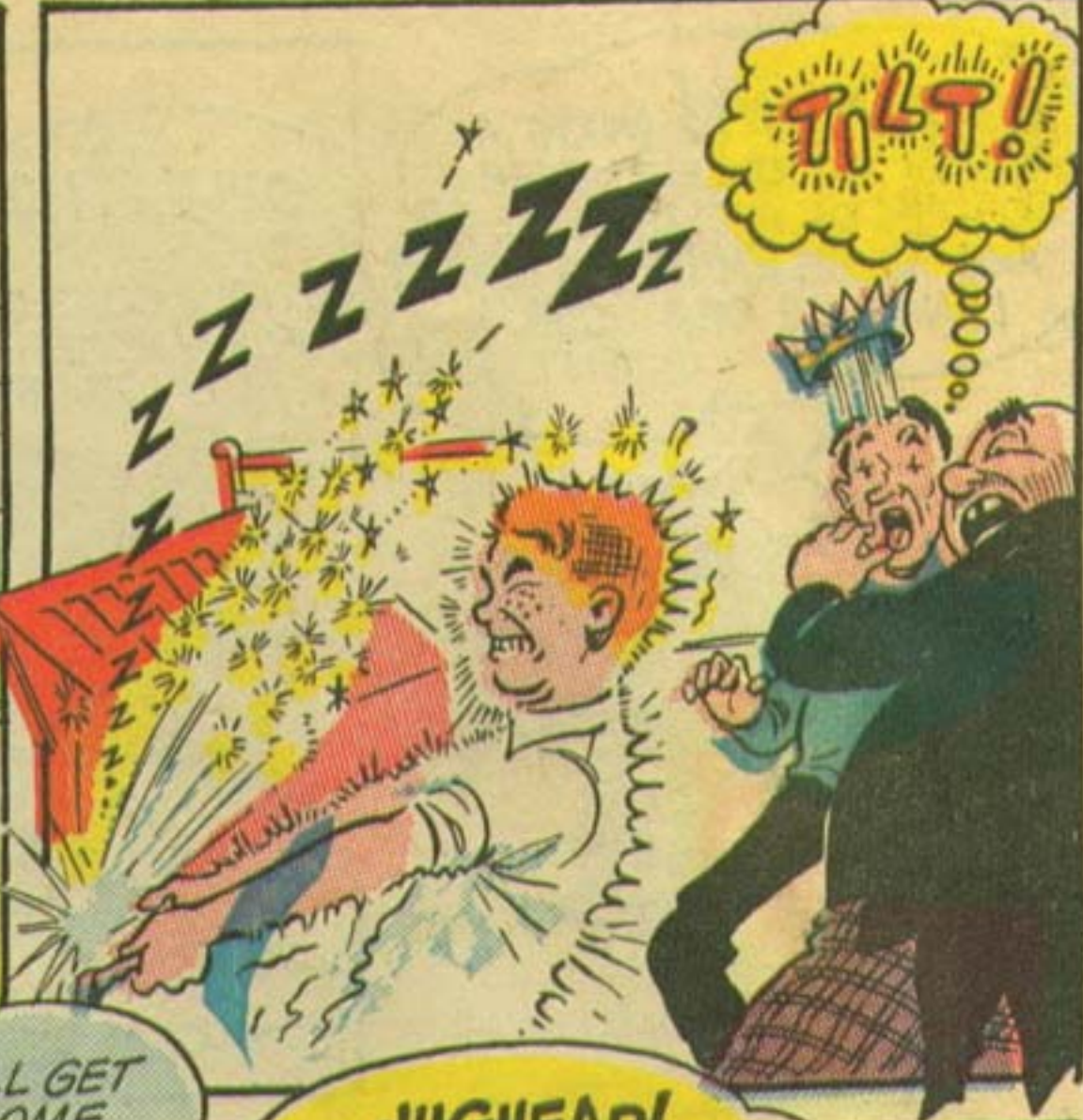
ARCHIE, I BROUGHT A..

NEVER MIND NOW! HAND ME A WRENCH, QUICK!



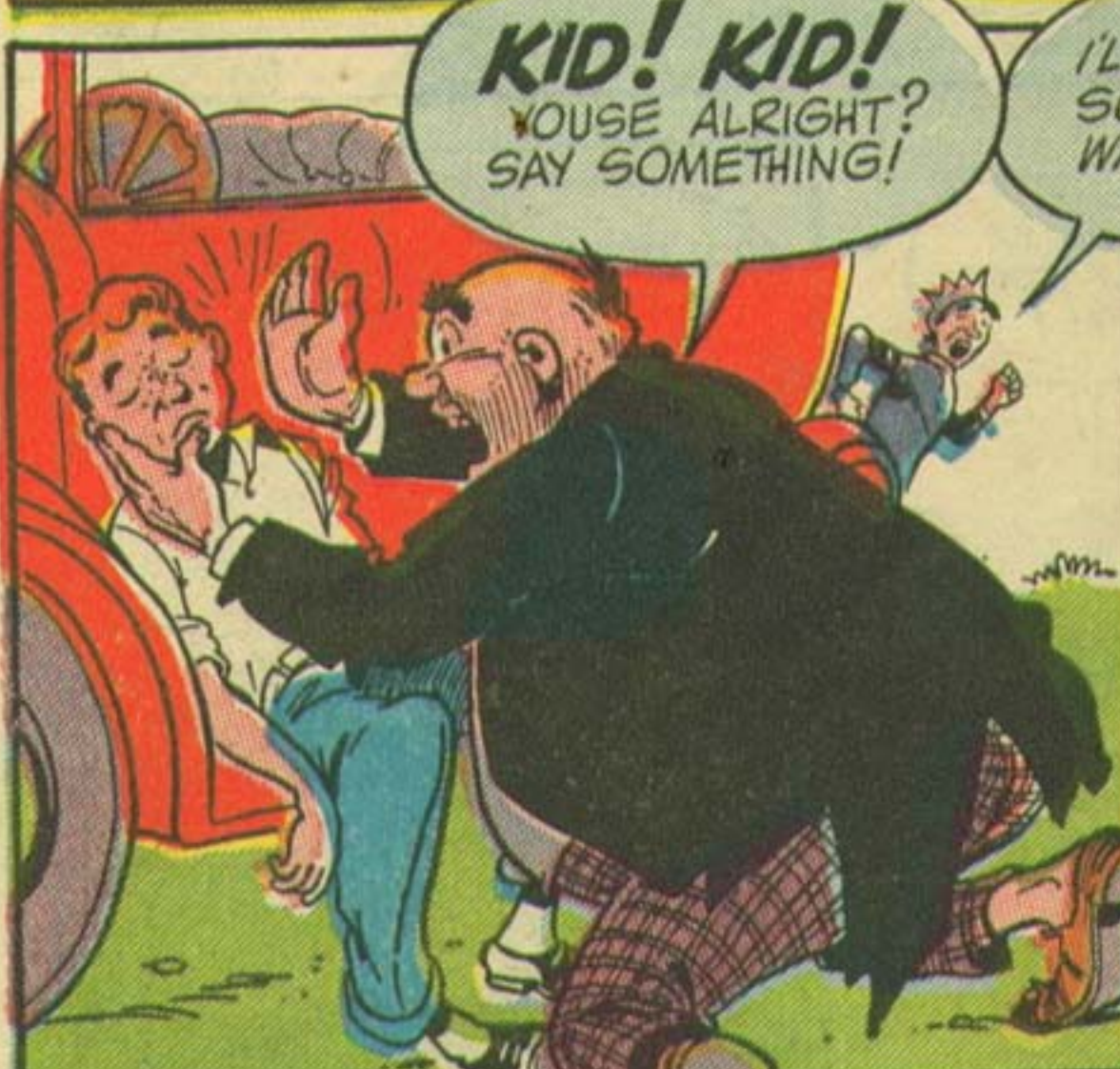
I'M USING
THE BATTERY AND
SPARK TO RUN THE
FAN... NOW I'LL JUST
CONNECT THESE
WIRES AND...

AW--OH!



TILT!

ZZZZZZZZ



KID! KID!
YOUSE ALRIGHT?
SAY SOMETHING!

I'LL GET
SOME
WATER!



JUGHEAD!
YOU LOOK DIFFERENT!
MY EYES! WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO
MY EYES!



HERE'S
THE WATER!

I...
BLUB!

SPLASH!



WHAT
HAPPENED?

YOUSE WAS
LIT UP LIKE
DA WOILDS FAIR,
DOC! YOU BETTER
GO IN AND HIT
DA SACK AND
LEAVE US FIX
YOUR JALLOPY!

CAN I
GET SOME
MORE WATER?

SO OLD ZOOK FIXED ARCHIE'S JALOPY-- AND FINALLY THE BIG DAY OF THE INVENTION SHOW ARRIVES!

SHE'S POICOLATING POIFECTLY, MEN! WE'LL BE DERE IN NO TIME!

HEY, ZOOK-- I THINK WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF WATER!



HUH? YOU RAN OUT OF GAS? OKAY, CHIEF, I'LL PUT SOME GAS IN A CAN AND BRING IT DOWN TO YOU!



SAY, COULD WE GET SOME WATER?

WHAT FLAVOR?

WISE GUY!

HEY, BEACH-HEAD! FILL THAT CAN OUT THERE WITH GAS-- AND NO CHARGE!

BOY--I'LL SAY THIS IS A CAN! WHAT A FUNNY PLACE FOR THE GAS TANK!

ROGER!

ALL FULL, SIR-- AND NO CHARGE!

NO CH--? WELL, I SHOULD **HOPE NOT!**

NOW, WHEN DE FIRE HEATS DAT WATER, WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH STEAM TO RUN DE "B&O"!

'COURSE YOU'RE GOING TO BUY THAT WITH THE \$25 PRIZE MONEY!

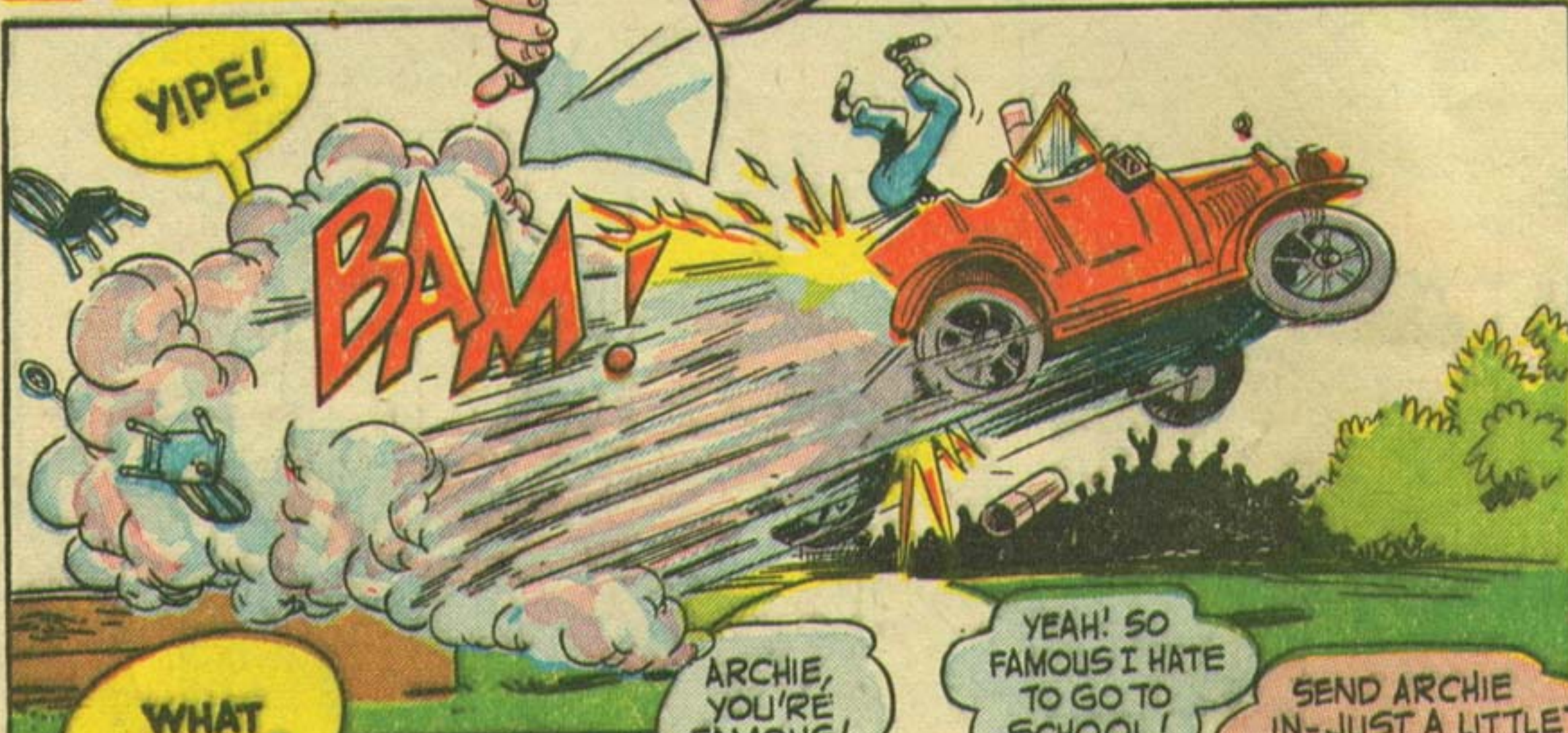
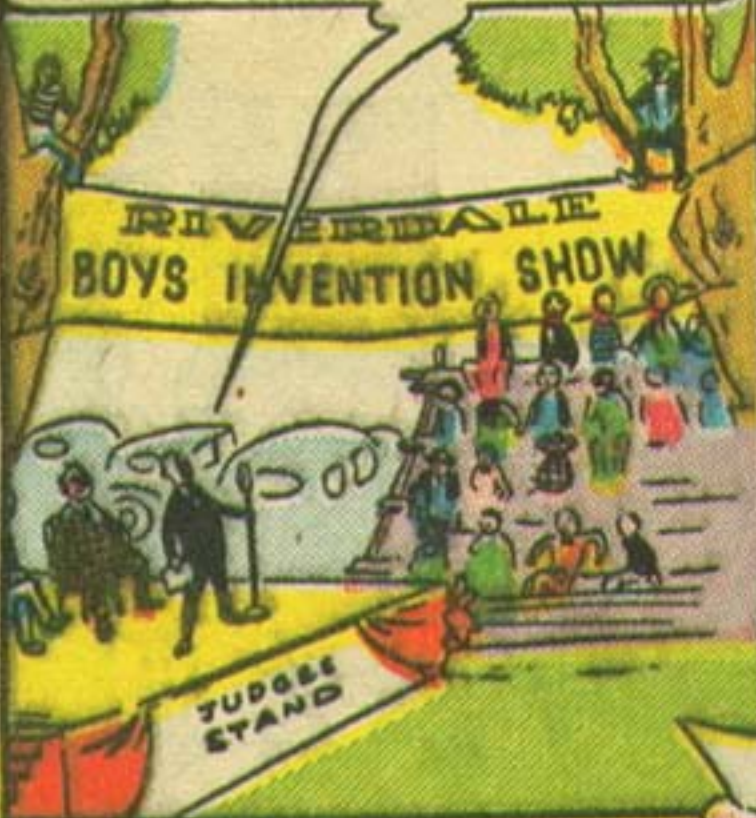


...SO IN CONCLUSION, I TURN THE CONTEST OVER TO OUR CHIEF JUDGE-THE PRINCIPAL OF R.H.S.!--MR. WEATHERBEE!

HARUMPH! BOYS AND GIRLS--THE FIRST DEMONSTRATION WILL BE BY-BY--HM-M-M! ARCHIE ANDREWS!

AND THAT IS THE PRINCIPLE OF MY CAR!

AMAZING! ARE YOU SURE YOU THOUGHT OF THIS, ARCHIE!



YIPE!

BAM!

WHAT HIT ME?

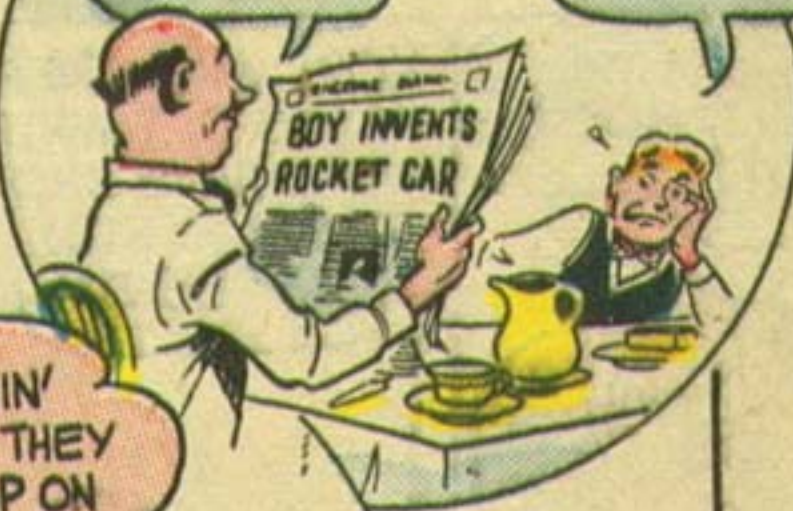
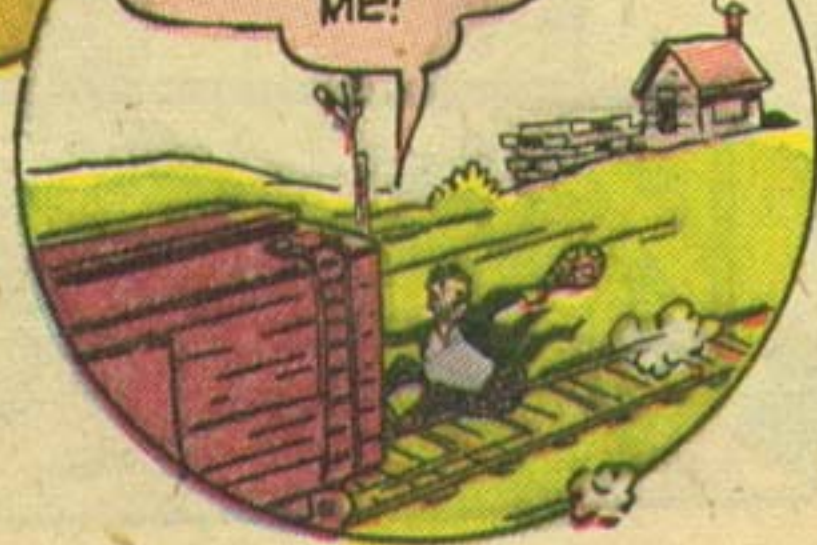
ARCHIE, YOU'RE FAMOUS!

YEAH! SO FAMOUS I HATE TO GO TO SCHOOL!

SEND ARCHIE IN--JUST A LITTLE TALK ABOUT SUBJECTS FOR NEXT TERM--HEH, HEH!



I'M BLOWIN' TOWN--FORE THEY PIN DAT RAP ON ME!



HEY, KIDS, HERE'S TERRIFIC

NEWS!

Archie

AND HIS GANG are
on the **AIR**



You SEE them in your favorite comics
Now **HEAR** them on your

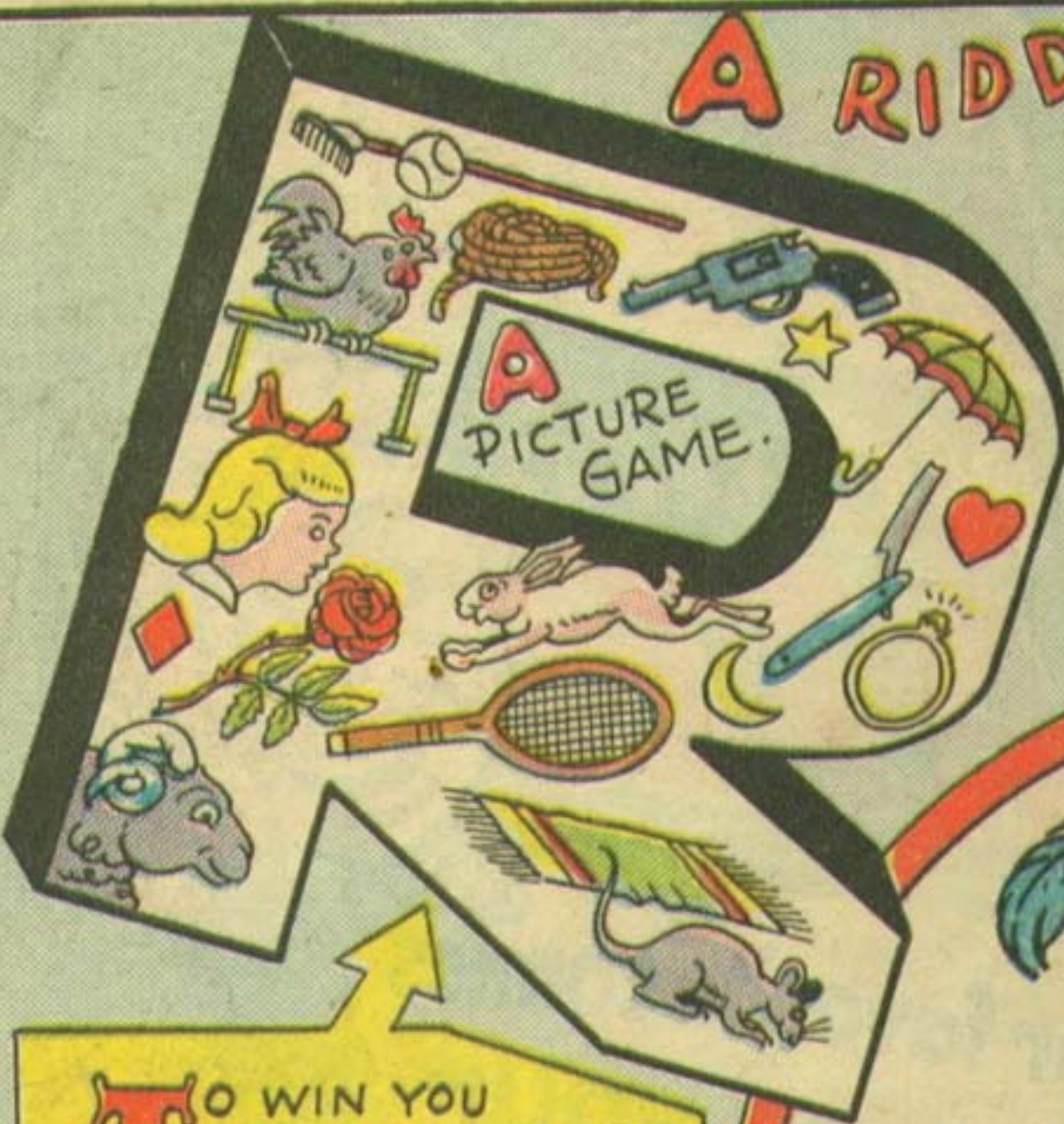
FAVORITE NBC STATION
EVERY SATURDAY
NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
Beginning June 2nd.

10:00-10:30 AM.
E.W.T.
What a treat! Now you can hear the whole gang
IN PERSON — Archie, Jughead, Betty, Veronica
and the Andrews Family. Look up your local
N.B.C. radio station and keep your date with
Archie Andrews and his gang every Sat-
urday morning from 10:00 to 10:30 a.m.
(E.W.T.). Have the time of your life
listening to their adventures. **SOME**
ADVENTURES! SOME FUN! And
say, will you do Archie a
real favor? Write and tell
him how you like him and
his gang on the air—
will you? Thanx!



PEP PUZZLE FUN

A RIDDLE

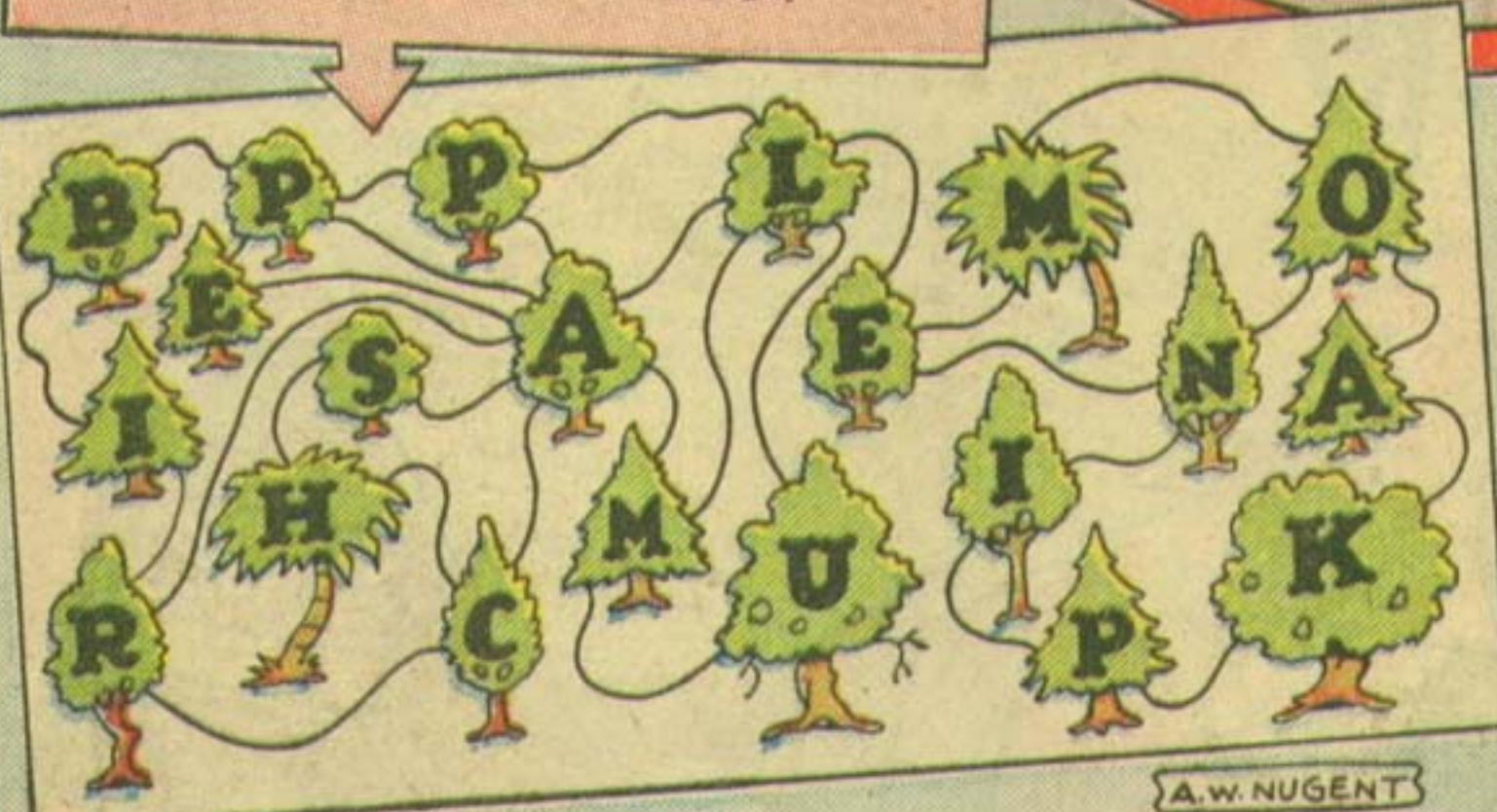


MISS HIPPO WANTS YOU TO CHANGE ONE LETTER IN EACH GIVEN WORD TO SPELL THE NAMES OF SIX FOODS.



TO WIN YOU ARE REQUIRED TO FIND AT LEAST 15 OBJECTS THAT BEGIN WITH THE LETTER R.

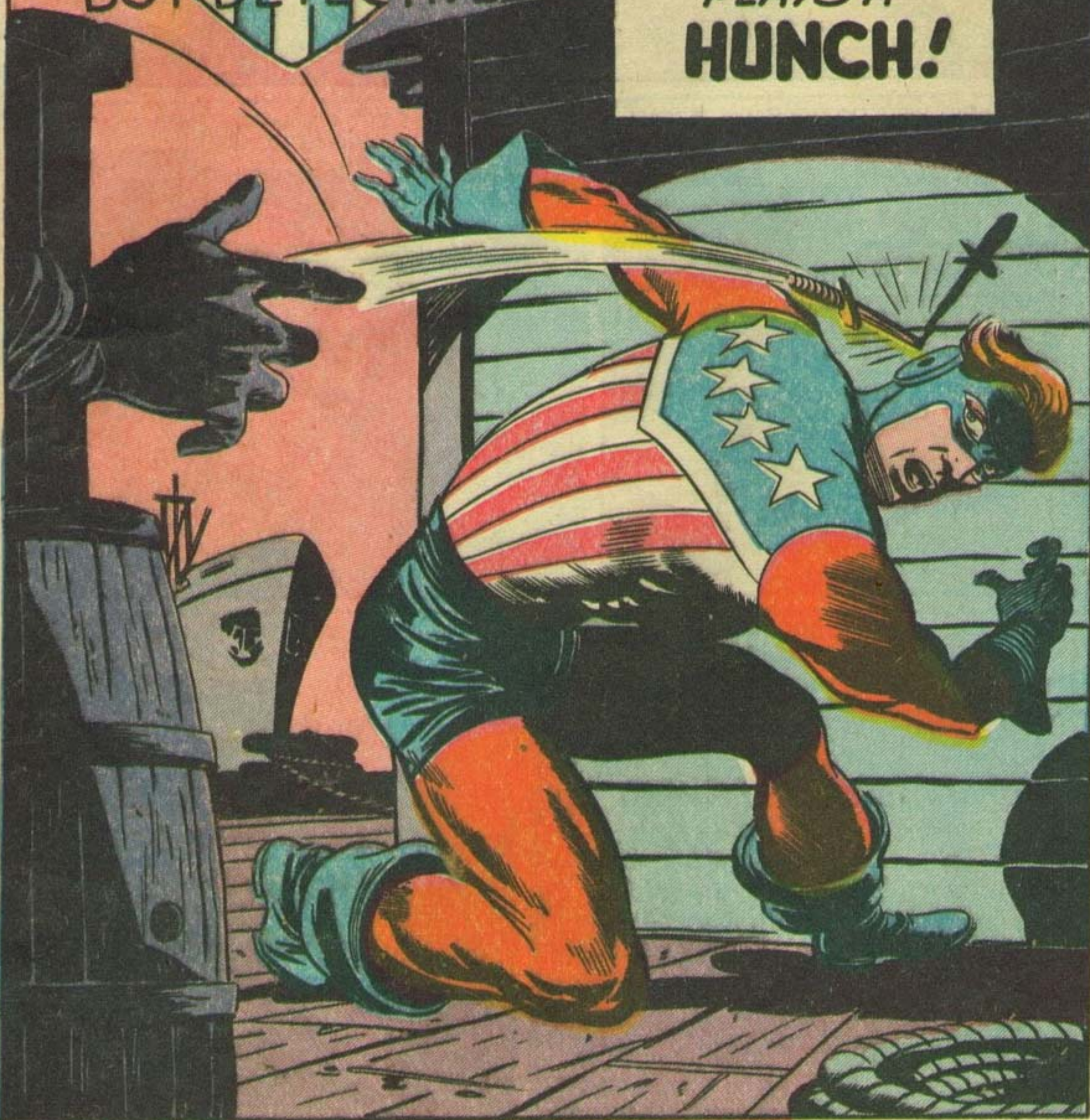
BEGIN FROM CERTAIN LETTERS AND MOVE ALONG THE LINES TO THE NEXT LETTER AND SO ON, TO SEE IF YOU CAN SPELL THE NAMES OF AT LEAST TWELVE TREES.



Solutions:
 "R" OBJECTS: RABBIT, RACKET, RAKE, RAM, RAT, RAZOR, REVOLVER, RIBS, RIBBON, RING, ROOST, ROOSTER, ROPE, ROSE AND RUG.
 RIDDLE: PHLOX (FLOCKS).
 FOODS: 1. HAM, 2. CAKE, 3. SOUP, 4. FISH, 5. JAM, 6. BUN.
 12 TREES: APPLE, PALM, MAPLE, PEACH, BIRCH, ASH, LEMON, OAK AND PEAR.

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the BOY DETECTIVE

MURDER
PLAYS A
HUNCH!



BOY, IS IT STUFFY IN HERE?
LET'S GO OUT 'N' GET SOME
FRESH AIR!

OPEN A WINDOW,
DUSTY! YOU'LL
GET ALL YOU
WANT!

DON'T BE FUNNY, JOE!
I MEAN-LET'S GO
OUT FOR A
WALK!

HOT T'NIGHT, DUSTY! I
JUST WANT TO SIT
HERE AND
RELAX!

AND YOU MIGHT WELL DO THE SAME, 'STEAD
OF PACING AROUND LIKE A CAGED
ANIMAL! WHAT'S EATING YOU,
ANYWAY?

I DON'T KNOW-I GOT A STRANGE PREMONITION
THAT SOMETHING BIG IS GOING
TO TAKE PLACE!

-AND I WANT TO BE AROUND
WHEN IT HAPPENS! I'M
GOING OUT!

NOW WHAT'S COME OVER HIM?
OH, WELL-I GUESS KIDS GET
THAT WAY
SOMETIMES!

SOMETIME LATER--



HELLO! WHO? DUSTY-YES! SAY, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, ANYWAY?



MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT, JOE--IT HAPPENED!
THE HOUR IS ABOUT TO STRIKE!



WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT HOUR? WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING ABOUT?--DUSTY--HELLO--
HELLO DUSTY---?



THAT SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT! DUSTY-HELLO!
SOMETHING HAPPENED TO THE KID-HELLO,
OPERATOR? TRACE THAT CALL-AND
HURRY!!



WHERE? THE BLACK STAR BAR?
THANKS, OPERATOR!!



WHAT KIND OF A SCREWY MESS
HAS THAT KID GOT HIMSELF
INTO NOW?



I'LL FIND OUT SOON
ENOUGH, THOUGH!



THERE'S THE BLACK
STAR-A SALOON!



OKAY, FATTY! WHERE'S
THE KID?

KID? WHAT KID?
THERE AIN'T NO
KID HERE!



LISTEN, FAT, FLABBY AND
FOOLISH! OPEN UP OR I'LL
GO TO WORK ON YOU -
I MEAN BUSINESS!

I DUNNO WHAT
YER TALKIN'
ABOUT!



DIS'LL TEACH YA TO COME
INTO A RESPECTABLE
DUMP 'N' DISTOIB
D' PEACE!



YEEOW!



WELL, IF IT'S POOL YOU WANT TO
PLAY-HOW ABOUT THIS SHOT?



EIGHT BALL IN THE SIDE POCKET!



WELL, FATTY IS BACK
AGAIN-AND WITH A
BOTTLE IN HIS
PAW!



IF I WANTED TO BE CORNY-
I COULD SING-'ROLL OUT
THE BARREL!



I'M JUST WASTING MY TIME WITH THESE CHARACTERS-SAY, WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? MAYBE DUSTY LEFT A MESSAGE IN THAT PHONE BOOTH!

NOW WHAT?

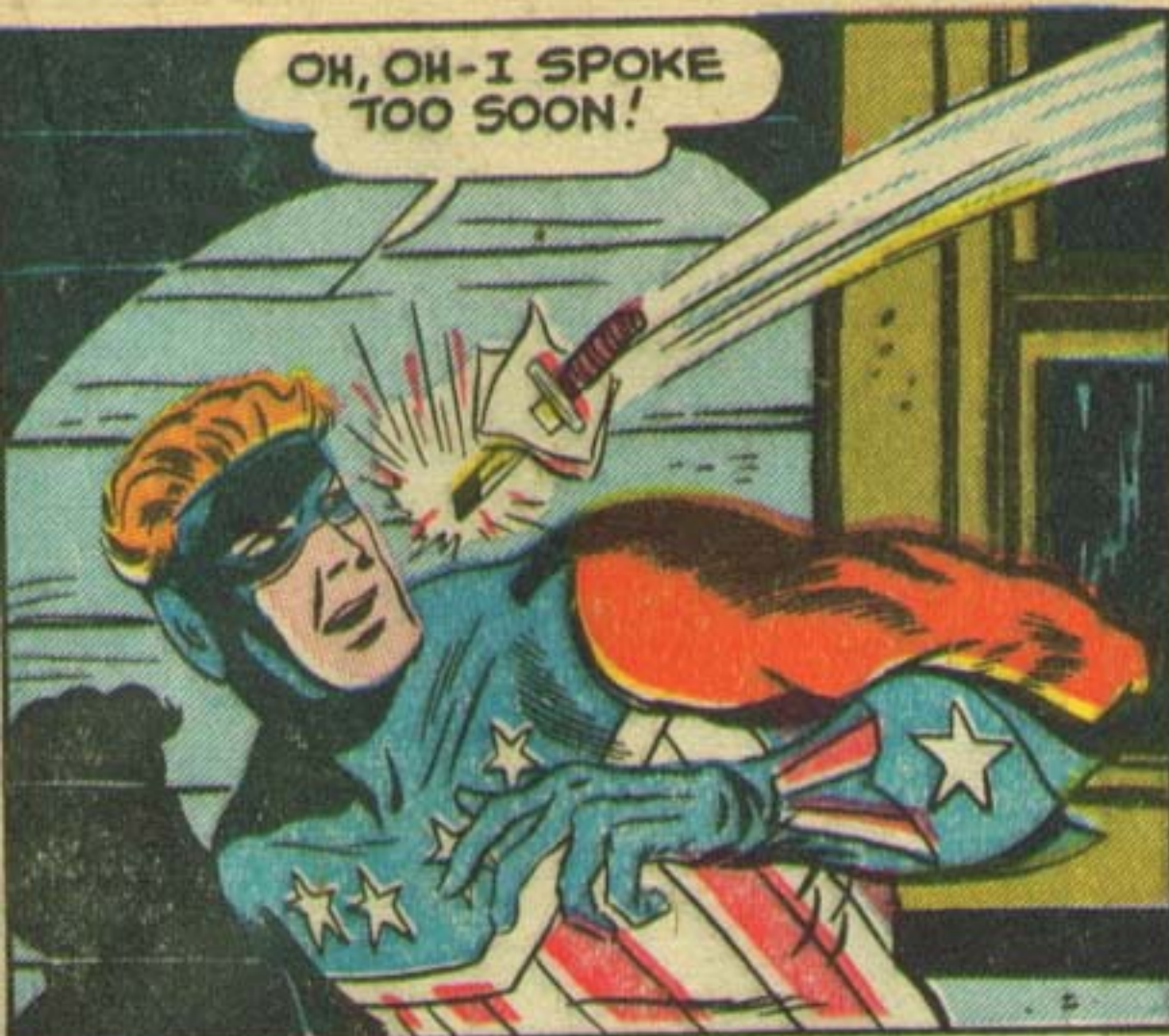
THE HOUR OF DECISION IS DRAWING CLOSER-DURYEY'S WAREHOUSE AT THE WATERFRONT--

THIS WHOLE BUSINESS IS BECOMING WEIRDER EVERY MINUTE! DURYEY'S WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE--HUNMM?

I GUESS I'D BETTER GET THERE AS FAST AS I CAN!

THERE'S DURYEY'S WAREHOUSE UP AHEAD!

THE PLACE SEEMS TO BE DESERTED!





LOOK AT HIM GO UP
THAT BUILDING LIKE
A MONKEY!



WELL, HE CAN'T GO FAR-
I'VE GOT HIM CORNERED
ON THIS ROOF!



WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO NOW? HE'LL
KILL HIMSELF IF HE ATTEMPTS TO
JUMP ACROSS THAT OTHER
ROOF!!



GREAT SCOT! HE MADE
IT-WHOEVER HE IS! HE'S
GOING TO BE A TOUGH
CUSTOMER TO CATCH
UP WITH!



OKAY-TWO CAN PLAY
THE SAME GAME!



I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW
HIM GO BEHIND THIS WALL-I
WONDER WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HIM?

--SUDDENLY!--

HEY!

OOF!

UGH!

WOW! WHAT A WALLOP
THAT GUY
PACKS!

BUT I'LL CATCH UP WITH
HIM--AND WHEN
I DO???

THERE HE GOES ALONG
THE LEDGE, INTO THAT
APARTMENT
WINDOW!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M
LETTING MYSELF IN FOR-
BUT HERE GOES!



BOY, IT'S PITCH
BLACK IN HERE-IF
I COULD SEE JUST
A LITTLE
BIT--?

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS FLASH ON-----

DUSTY-YOU? THIS IS OUR
APARTMENT!



SAY-WHAT'S
THE BIG
IDEA?

HEY! YOU'RE THE TOUGHEST GUY
TO TRY AND THROW A
SURPRISE
PARTY FOR--



THIS IS YOUR BIRTHDAY, REMEMBER? I
HAD TO COOK UP SOME KINDA SCHEME TO
GET YOU OUT OF THE HOUSE!



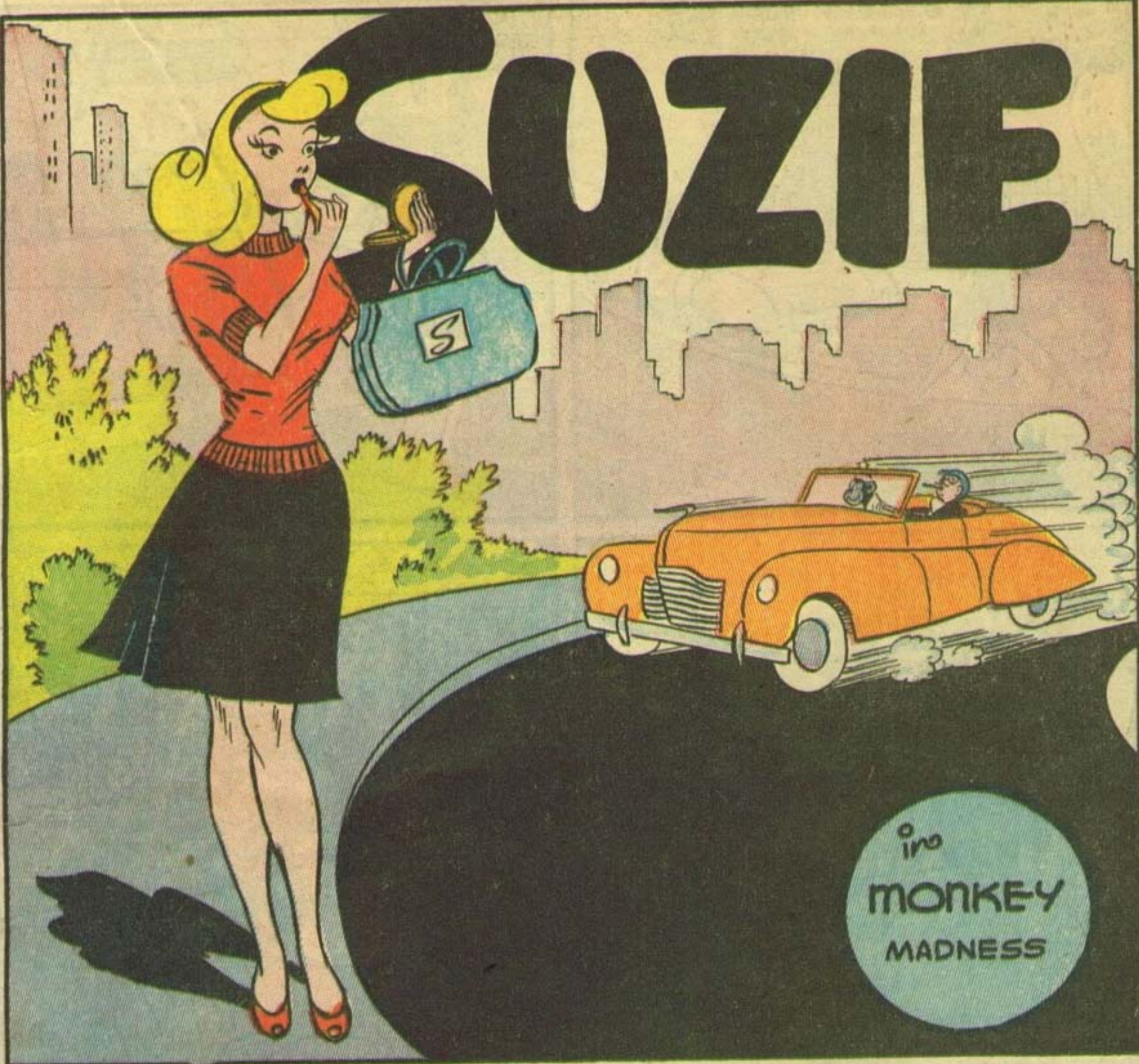
WHY, YOU LI'L
RASCAL, YOU!

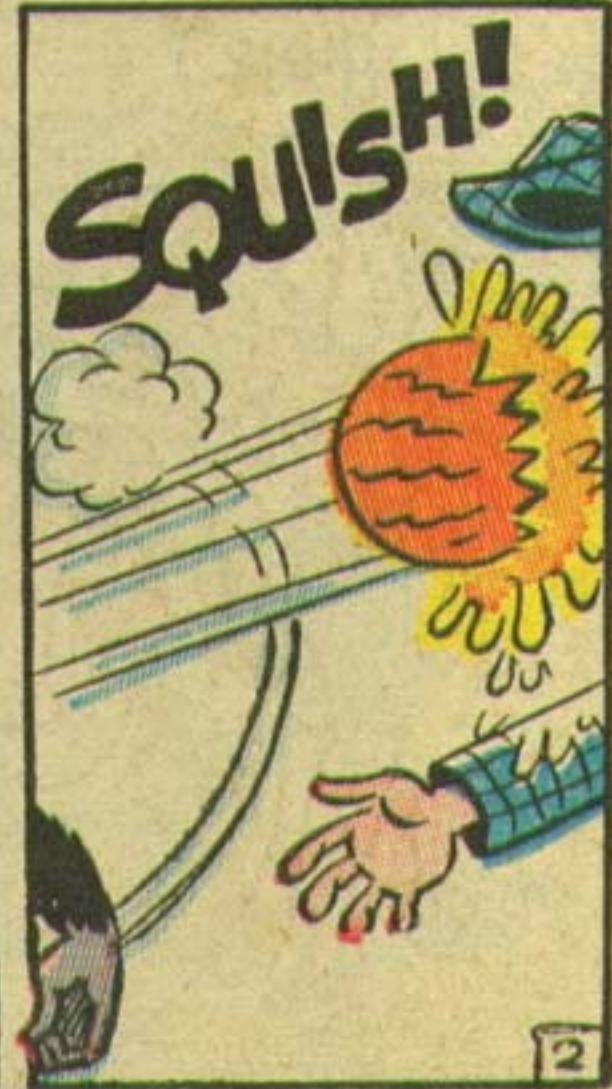
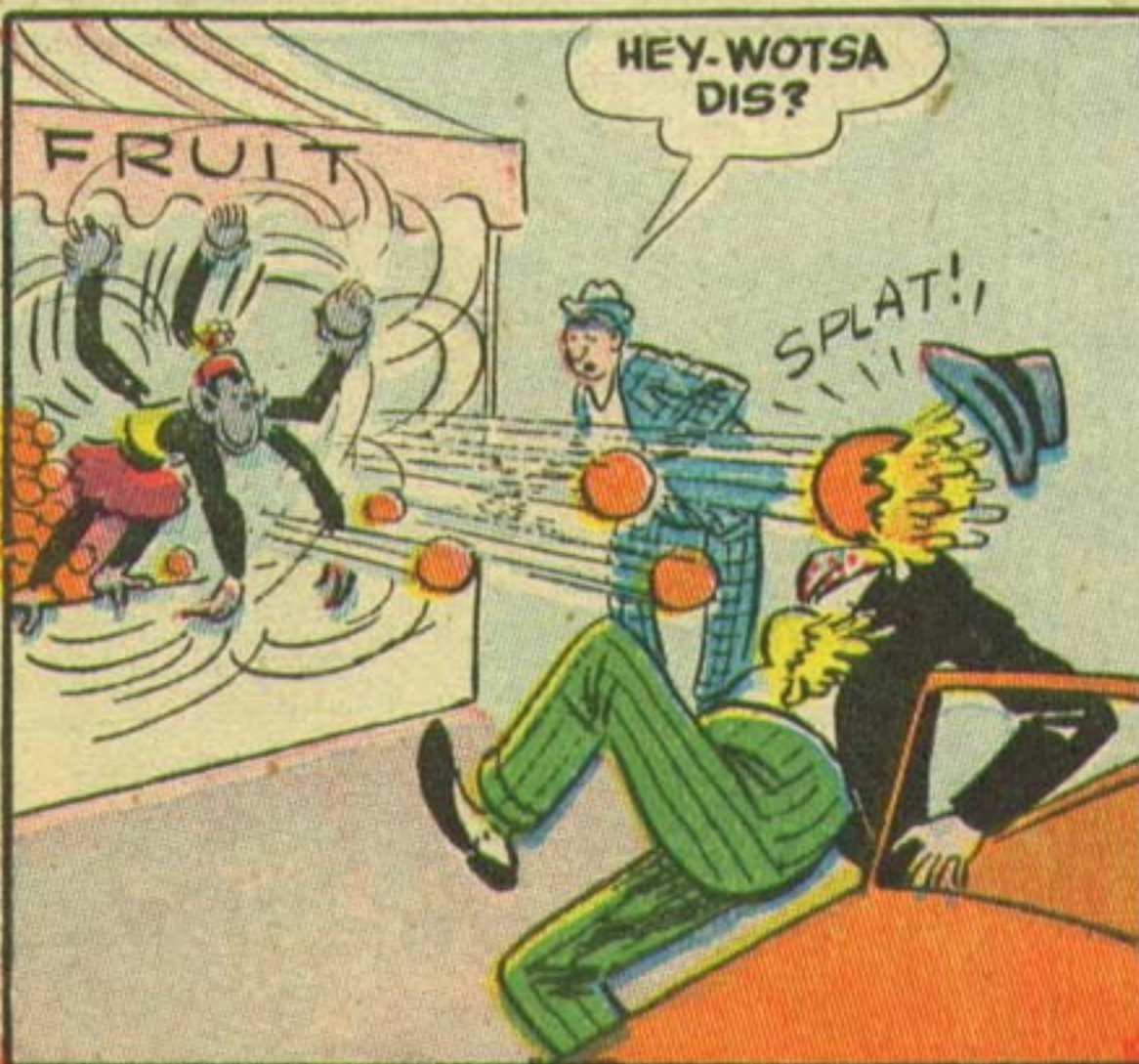
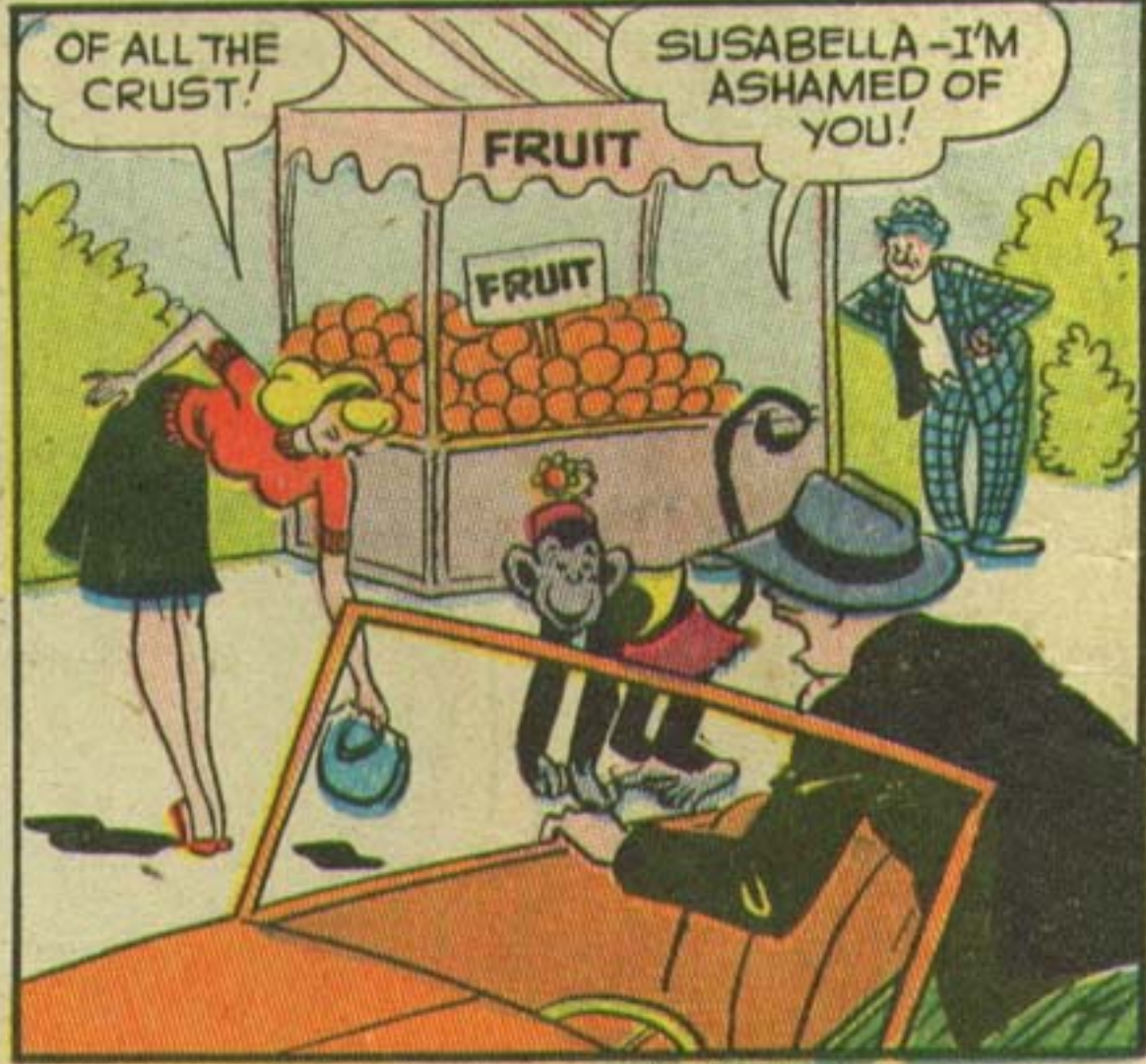
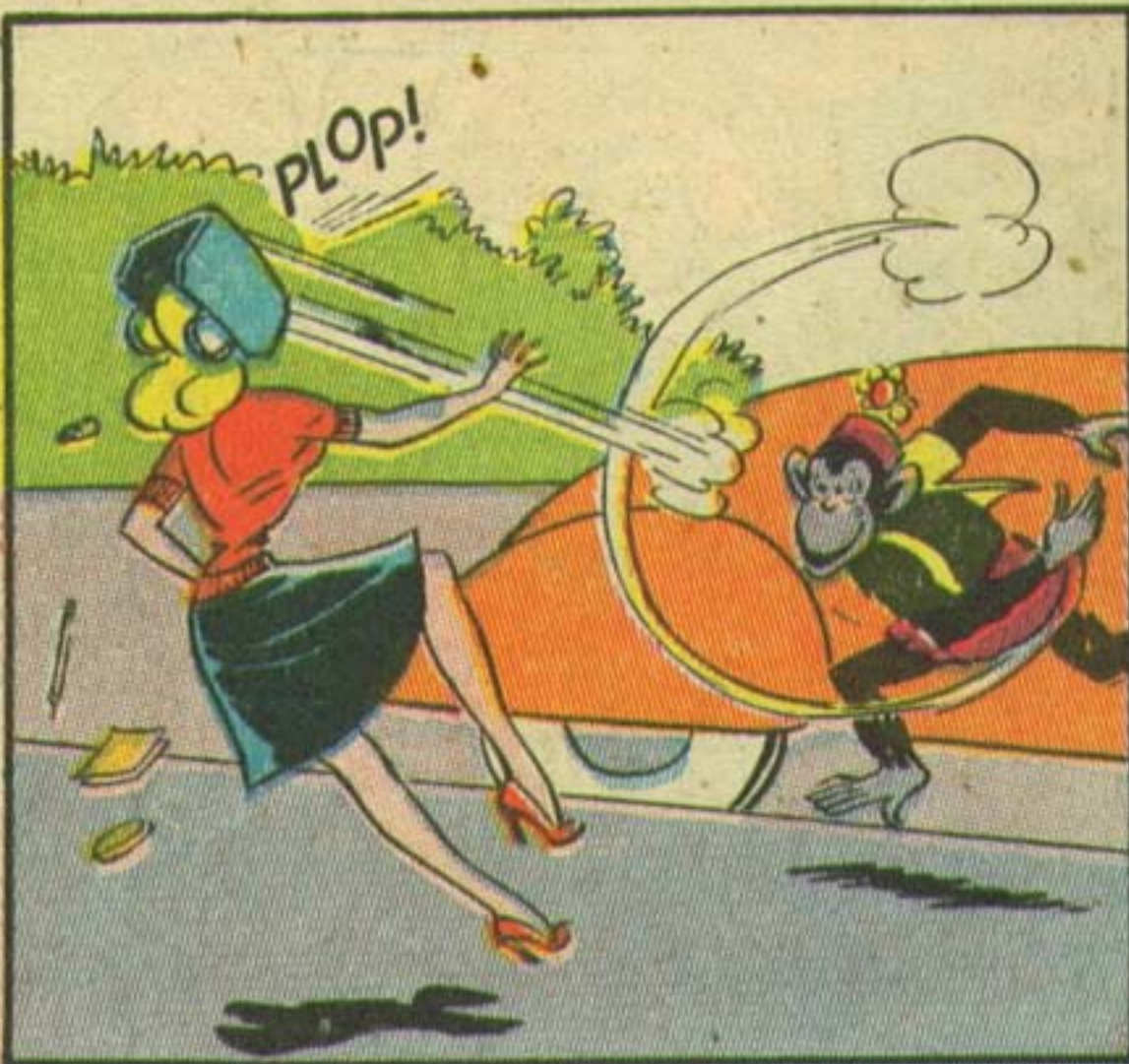
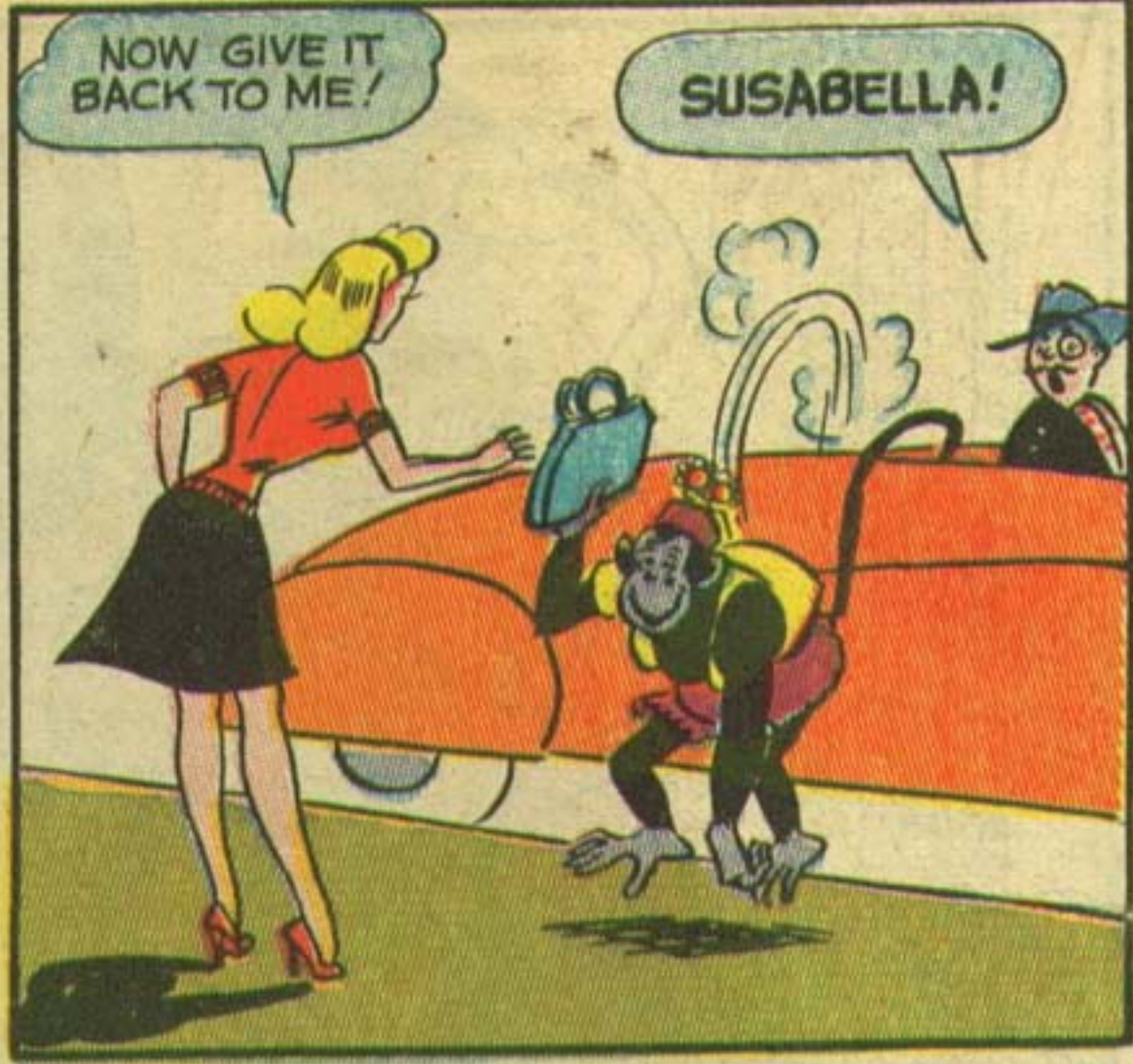
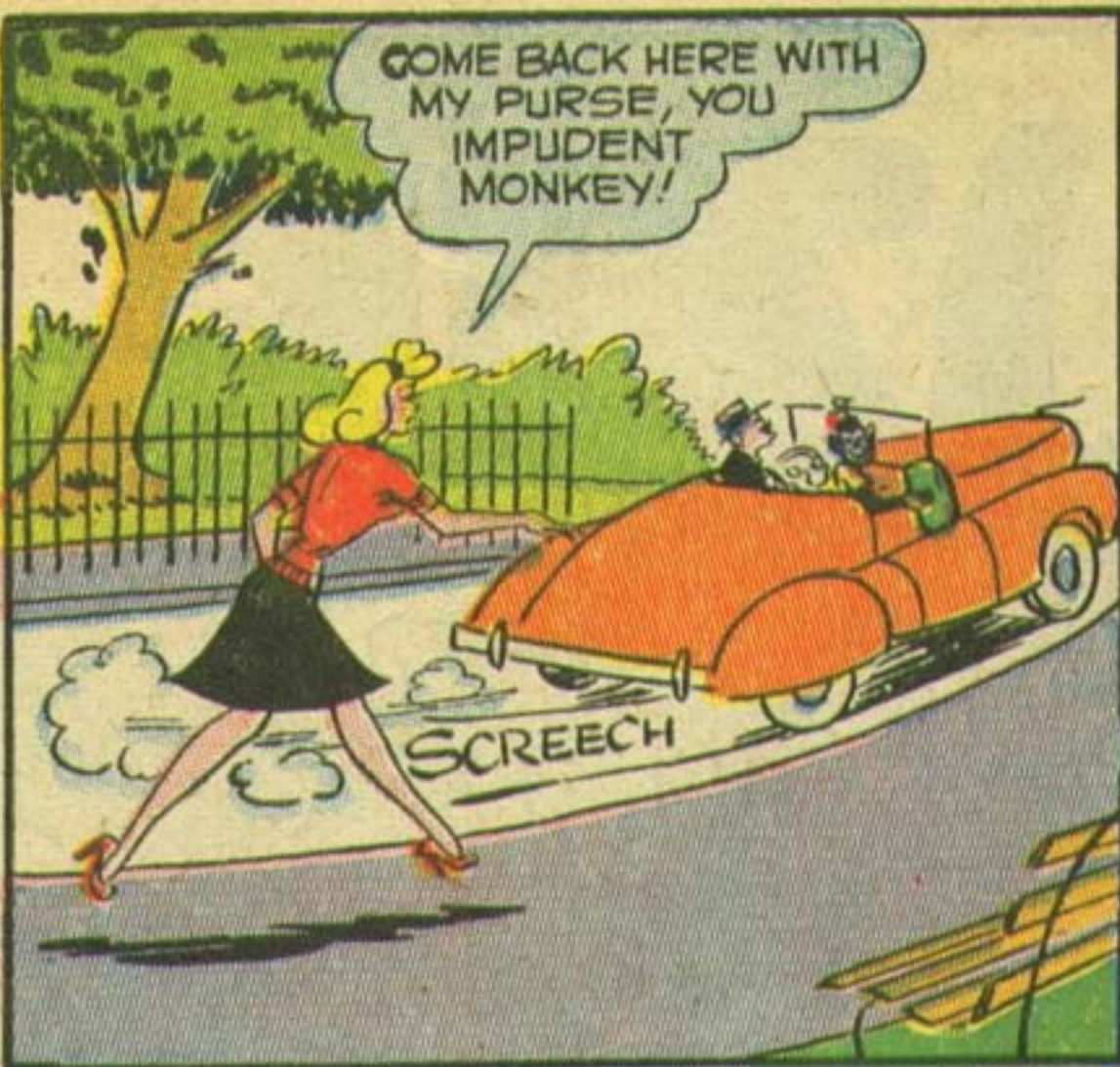
WELL, THE HOUR
HAS STRUCK-THE
GANG GOT THINGS
READY WHILE YOU
WERE CHASING
ME!

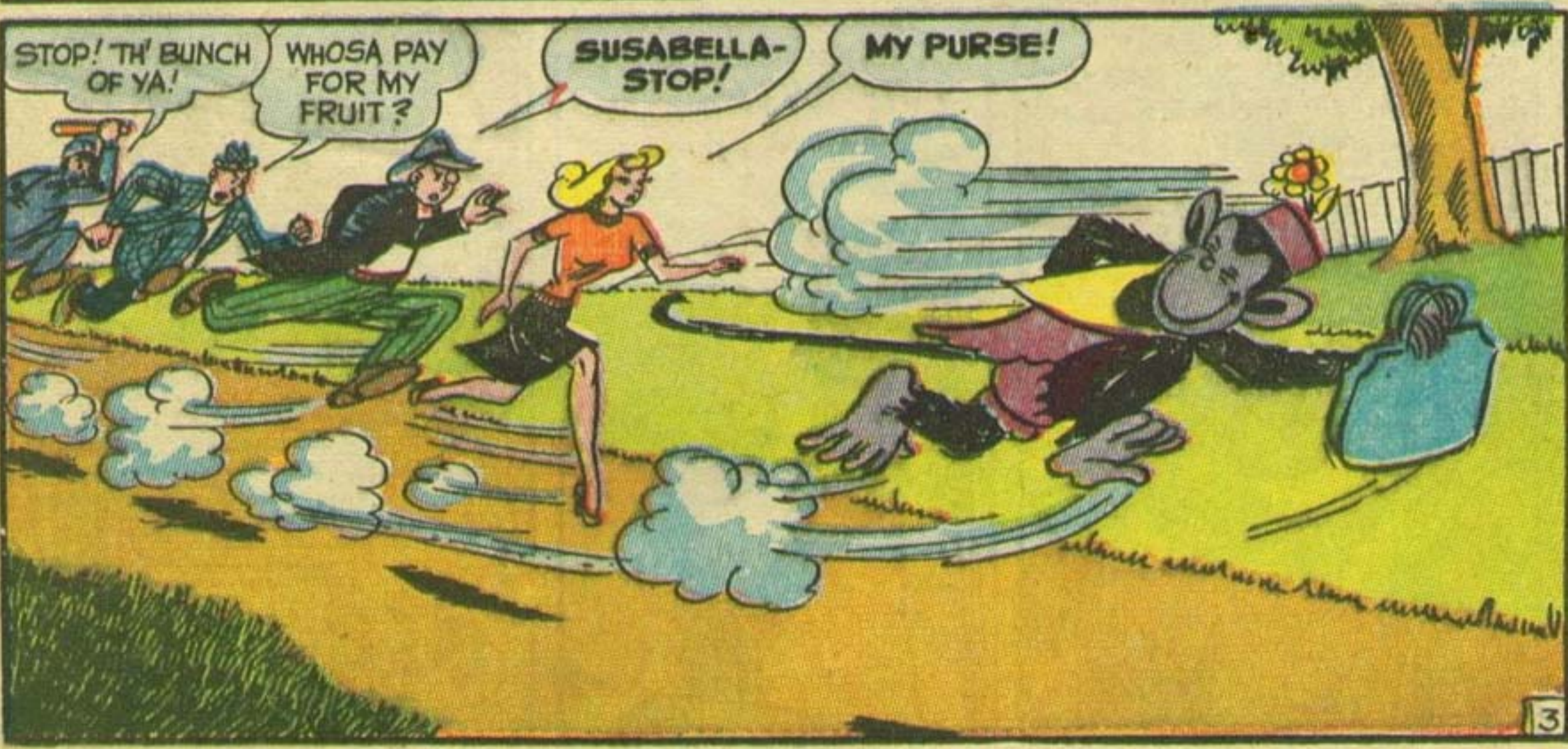
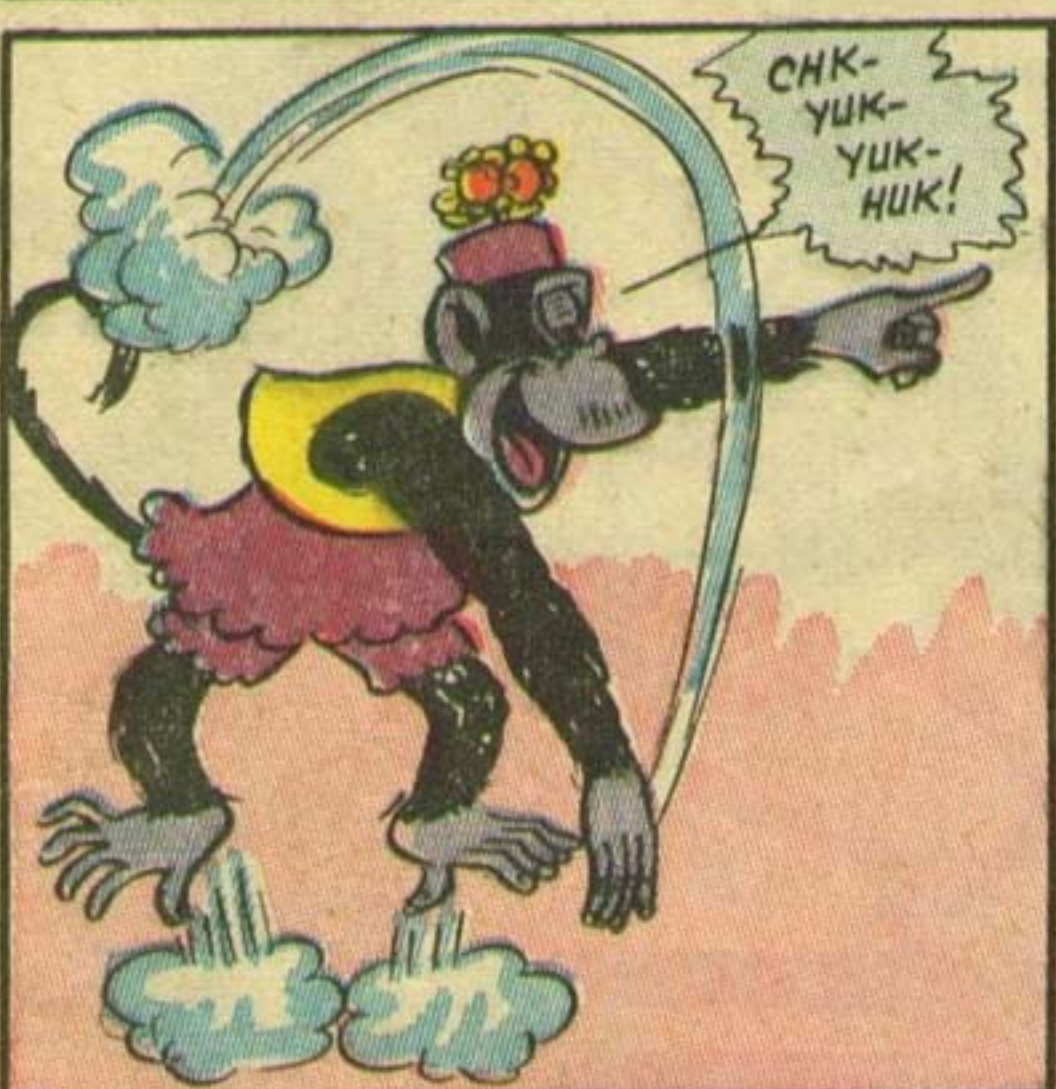


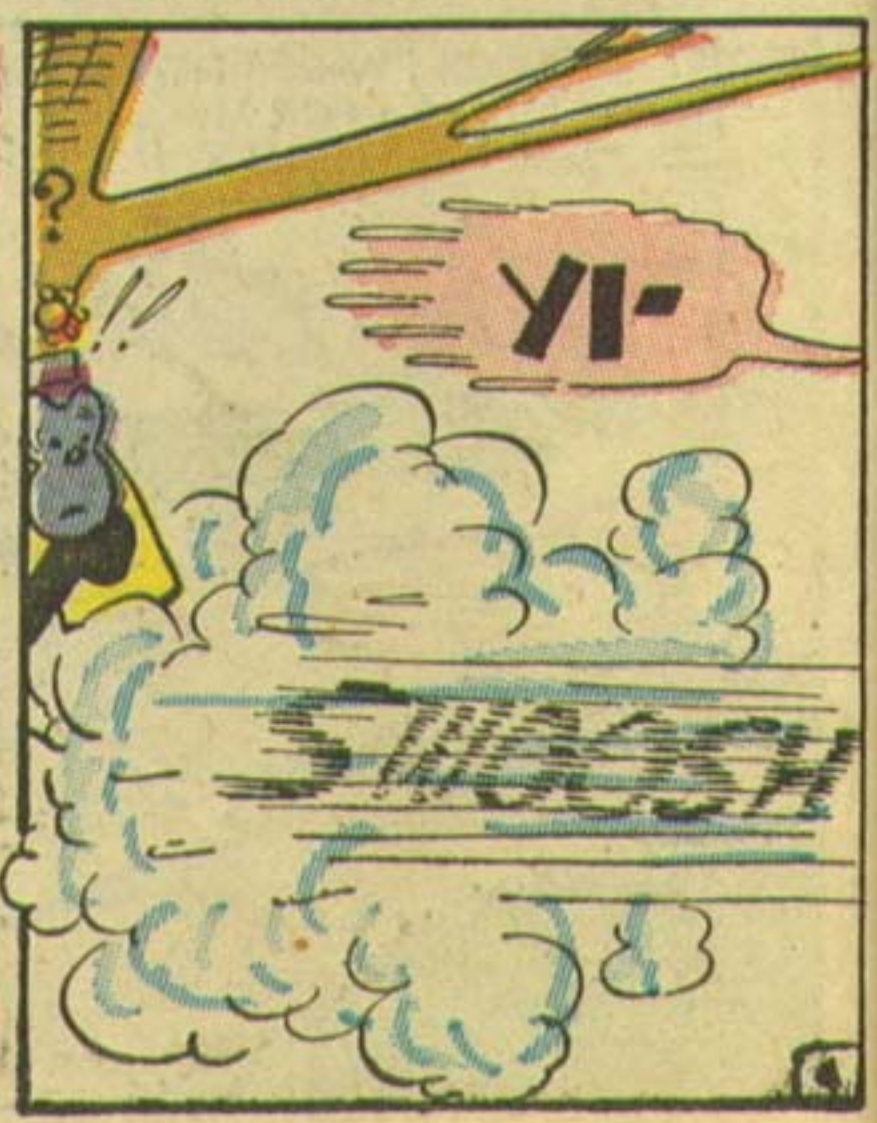
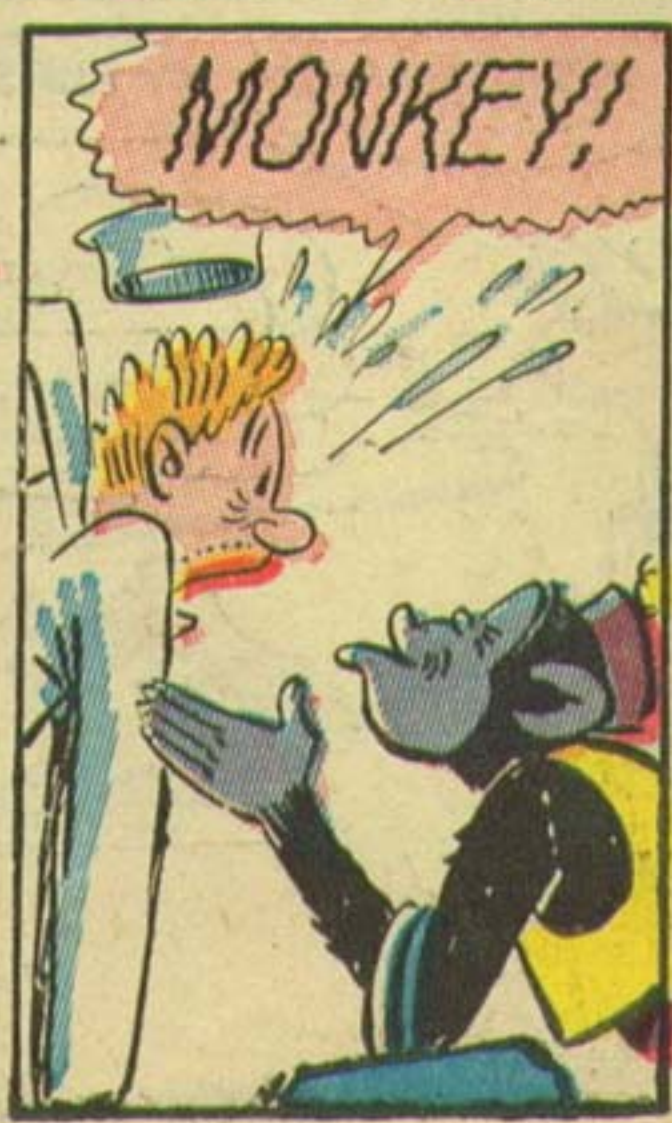
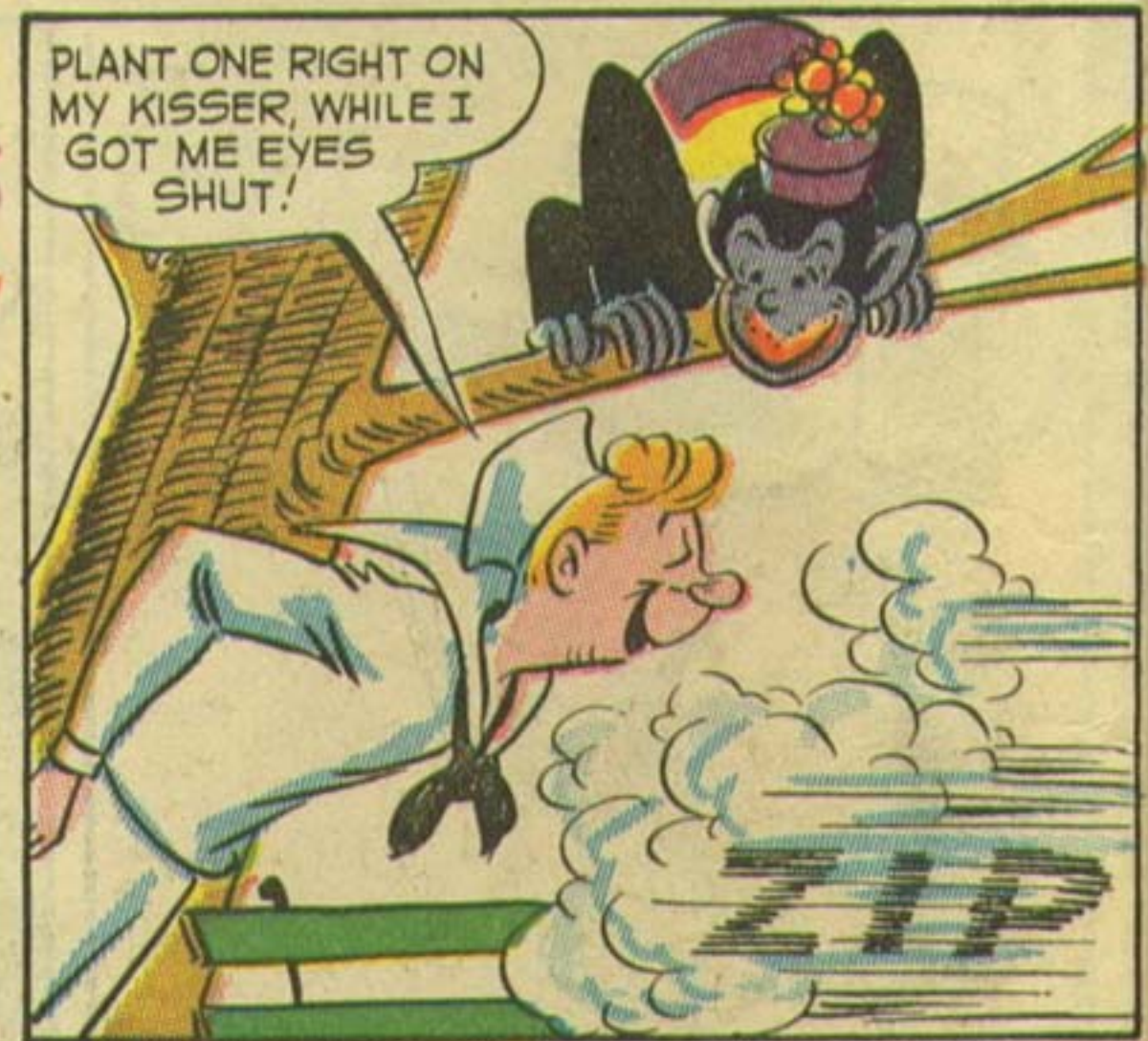
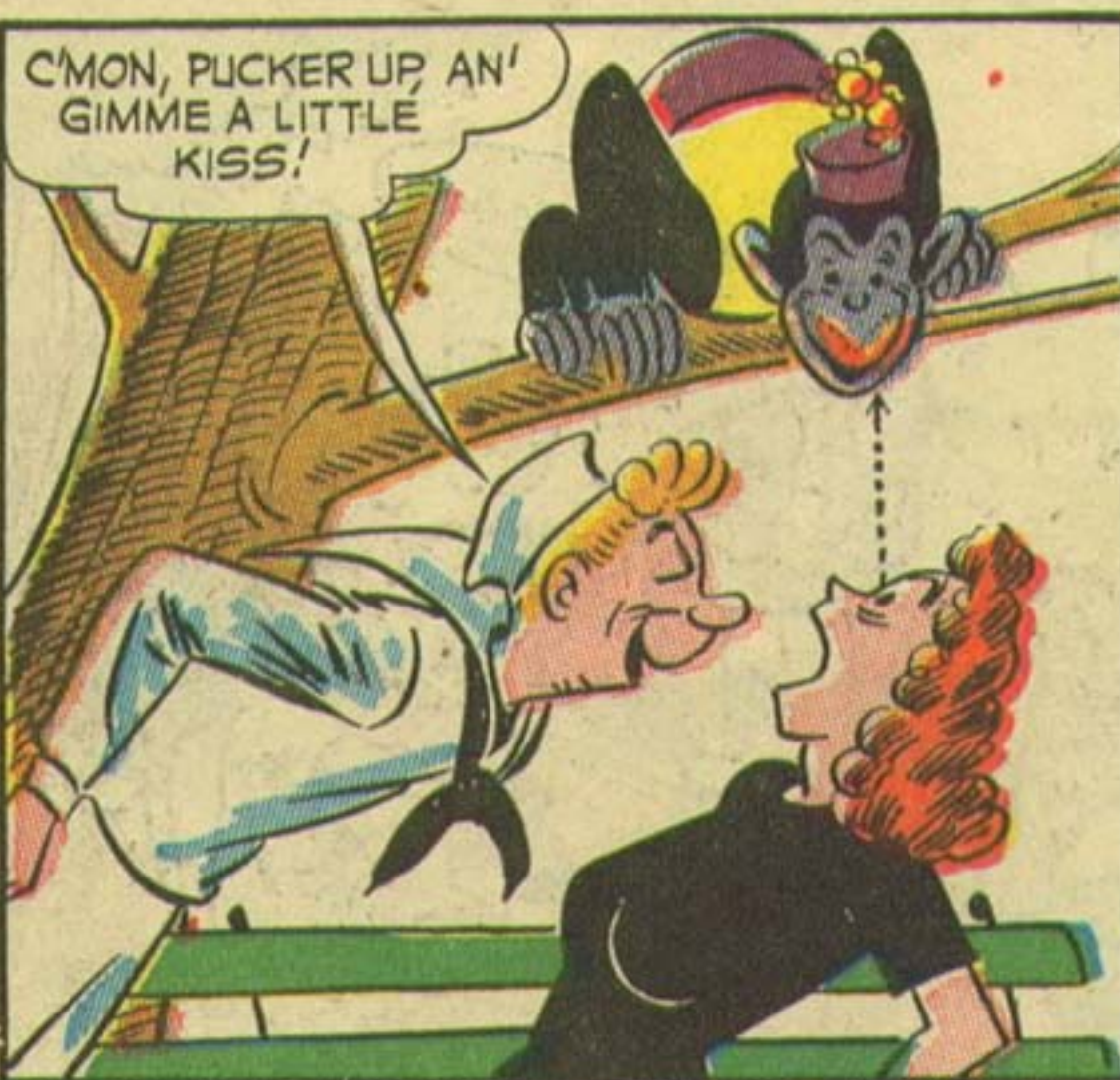
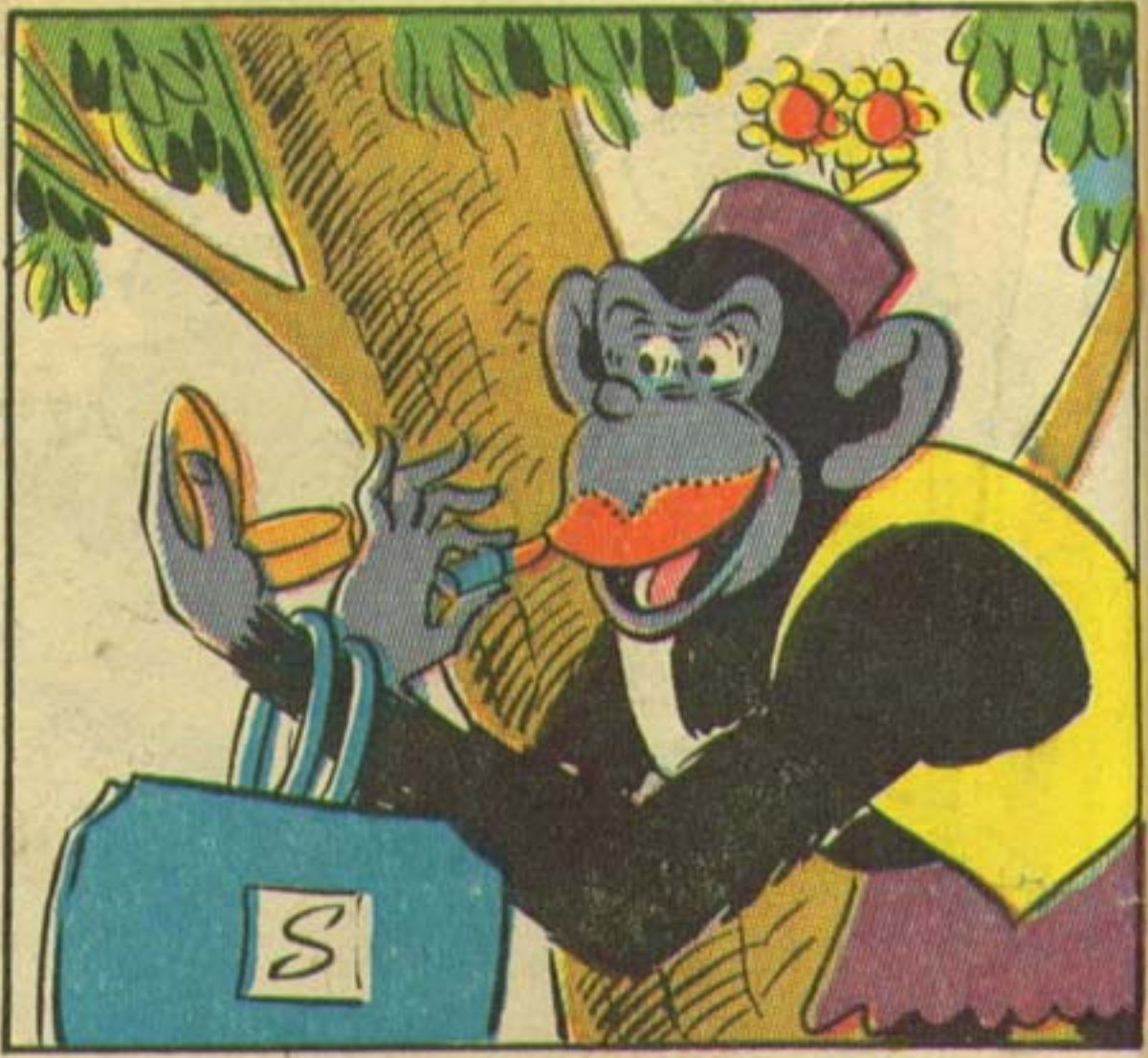
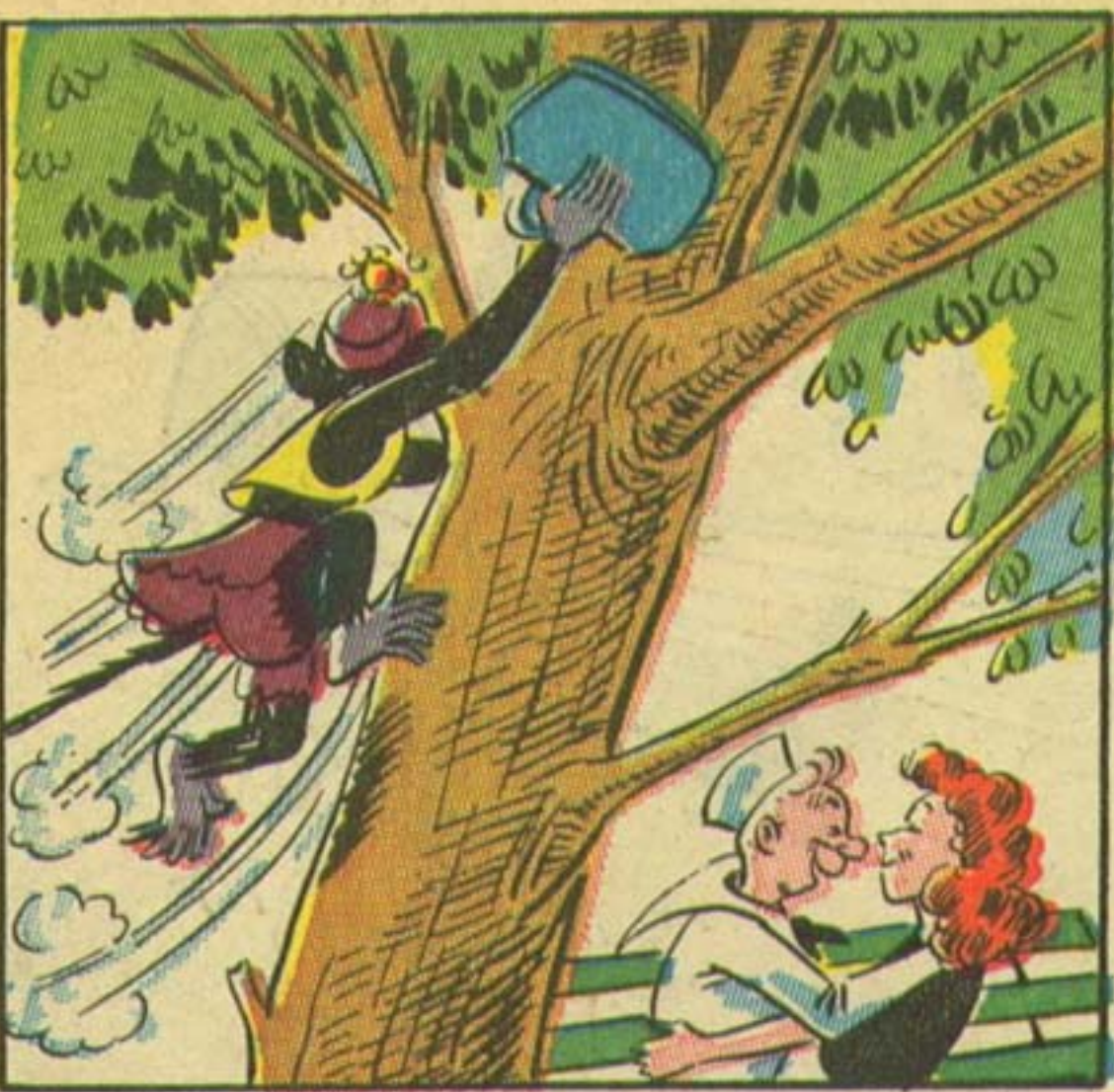
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!!

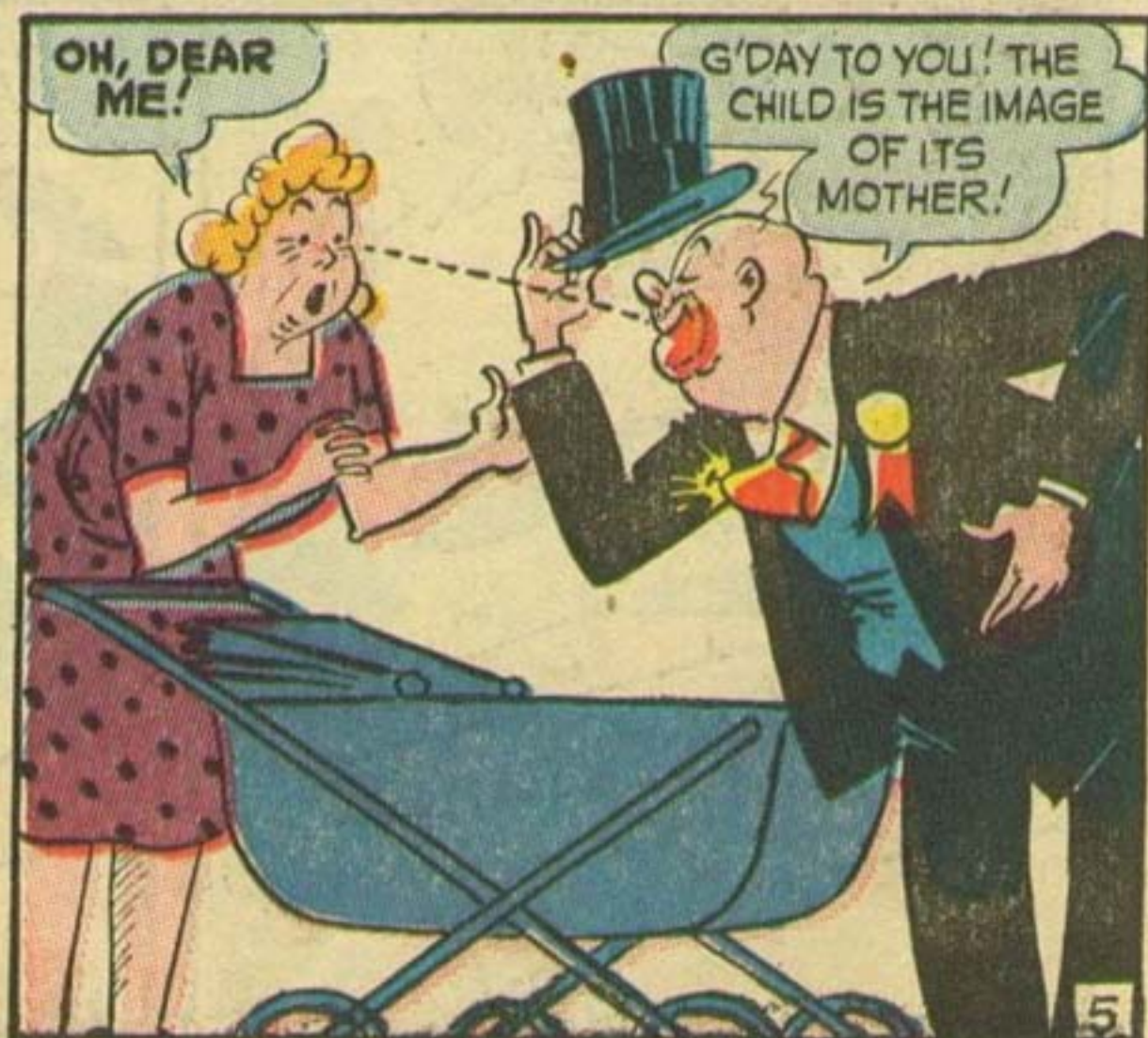
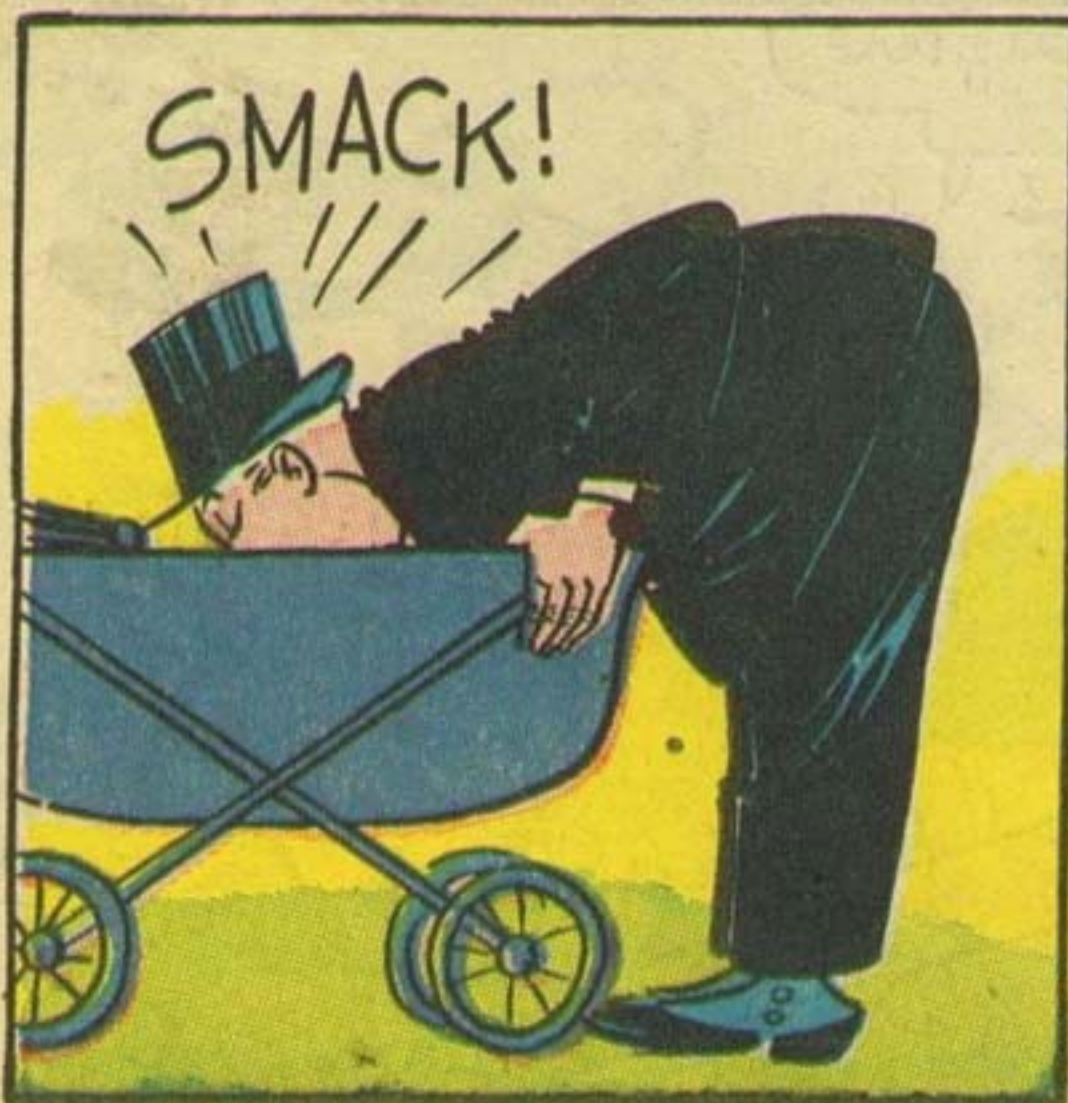
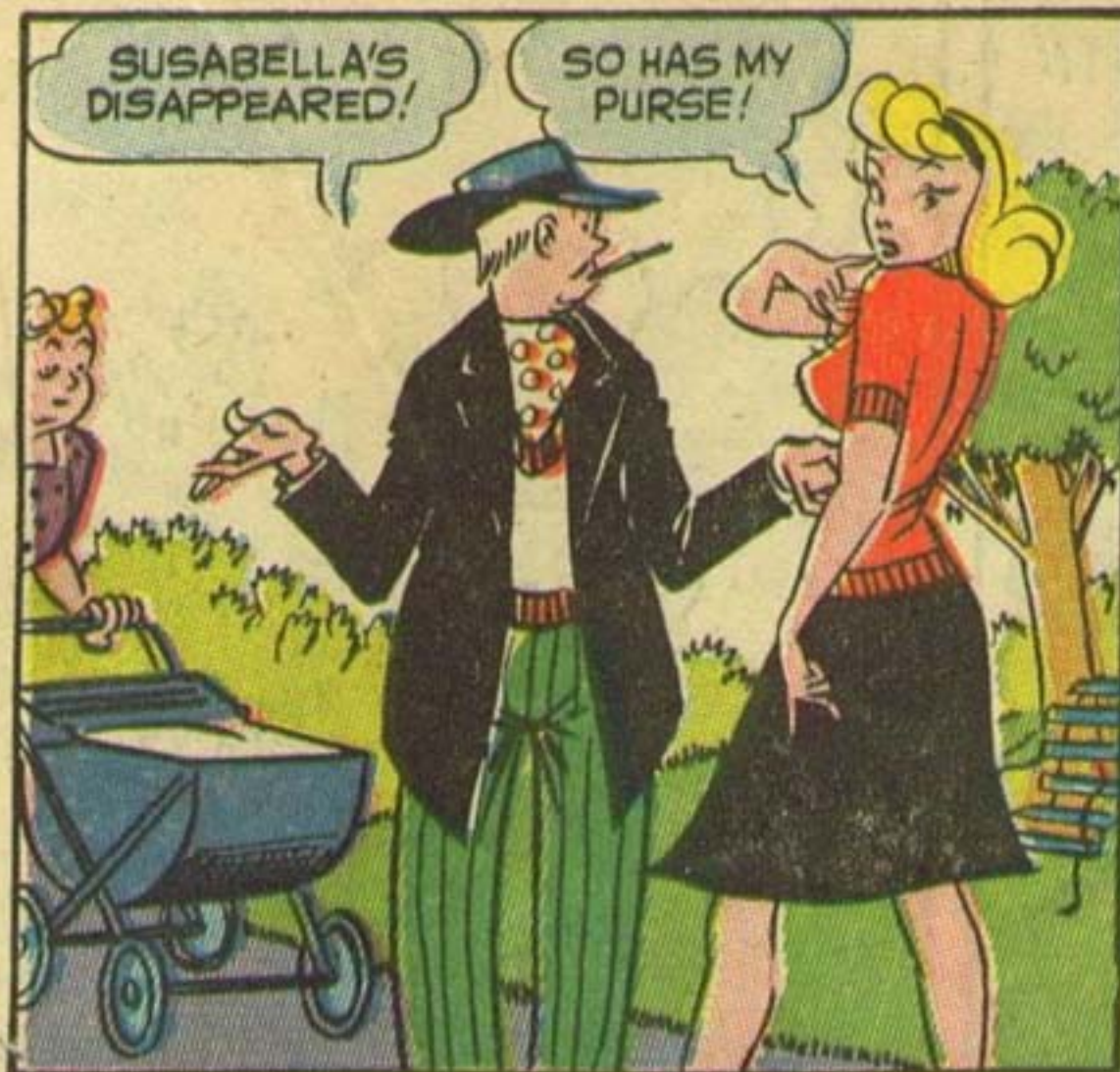












WHAT HAPPENED TO
MUMSY'S LITTLE
DARLING?

E-E-E-E-EK!!

PLOP!

?

GOO!

I GIVE UP!

LET'S GO BACK
TO THE CAR
AND WAIT!

WELL-
LOOK WHO'S
HERE!

SUSABELLA--

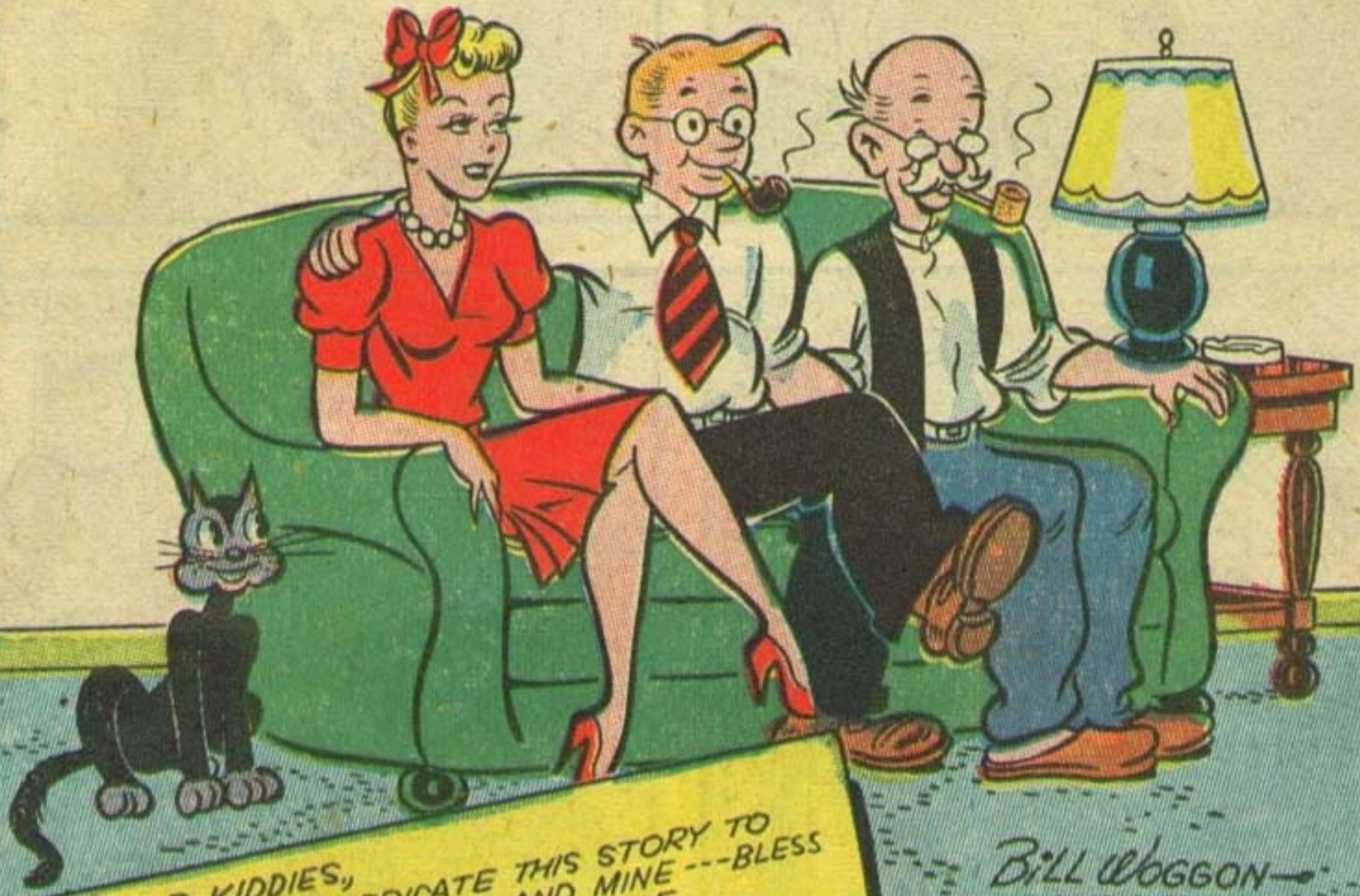
I'LL TAKE MY
PURSE, THANK
YOU!

CHK-
CHK!

GULP... SHE'S DONE
IT AGAIN!

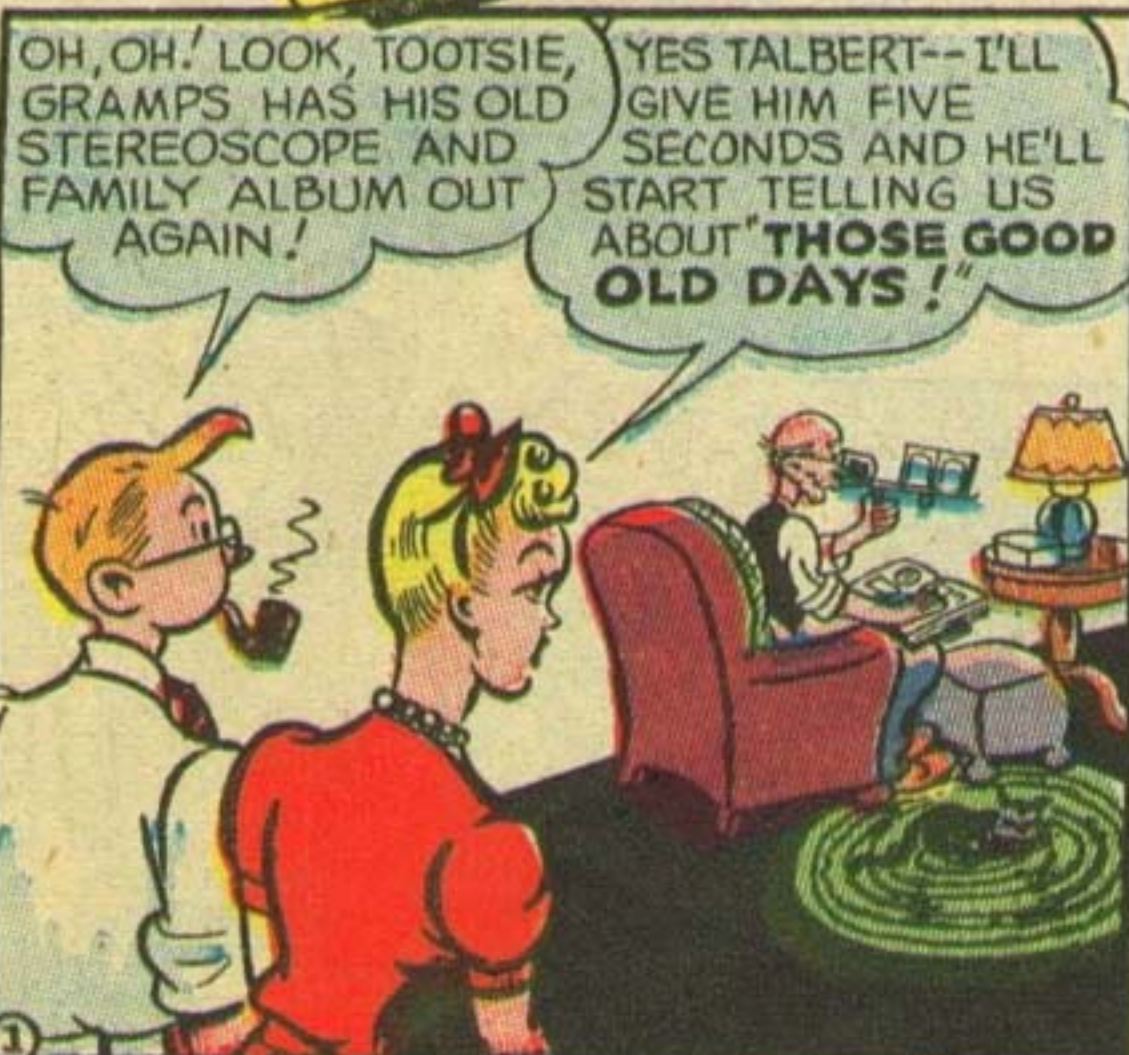
THIS IS WHERE
YOU CAME
IN, FOLKS!

The TWIDDLES



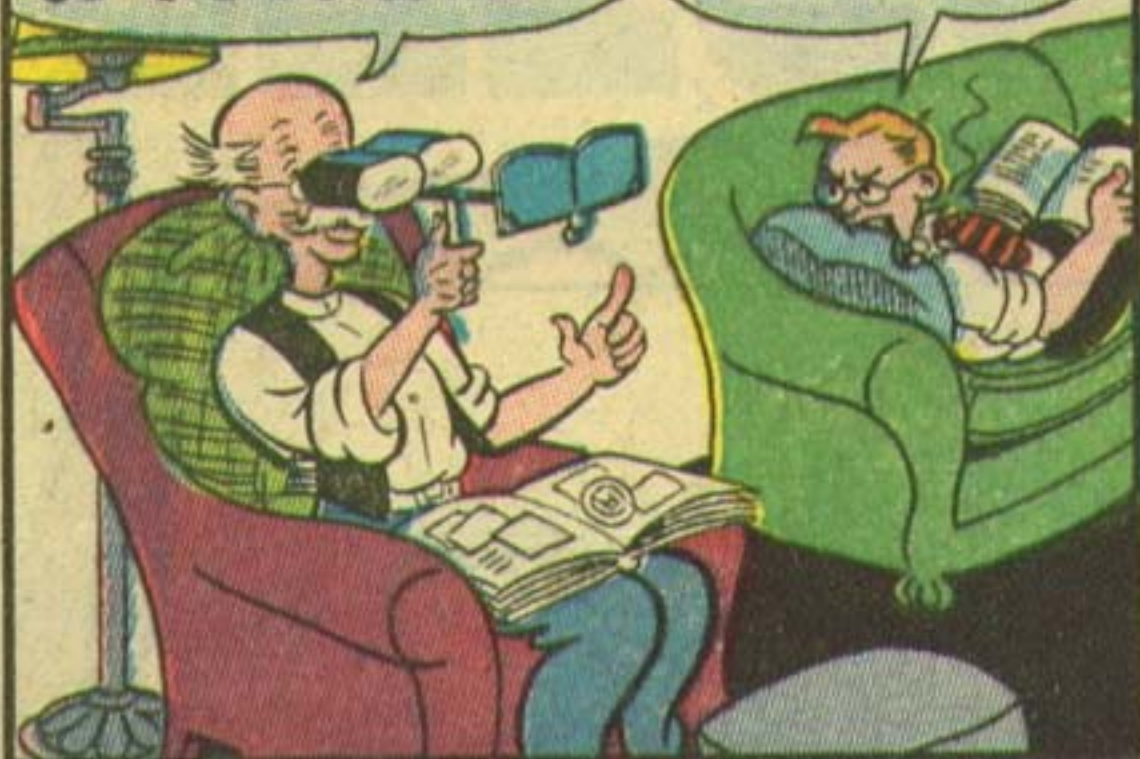
DEAR KIDDIES,
I'D LIKE TO DEDICATE THIS STORY TO
YOUR GRAND-PARENTS AND MINE ---BLESS
THEM AND THEIR MEMORIES OF
"THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS!!" ---BILL

Bill Woggon
PHOTOGRAPHER

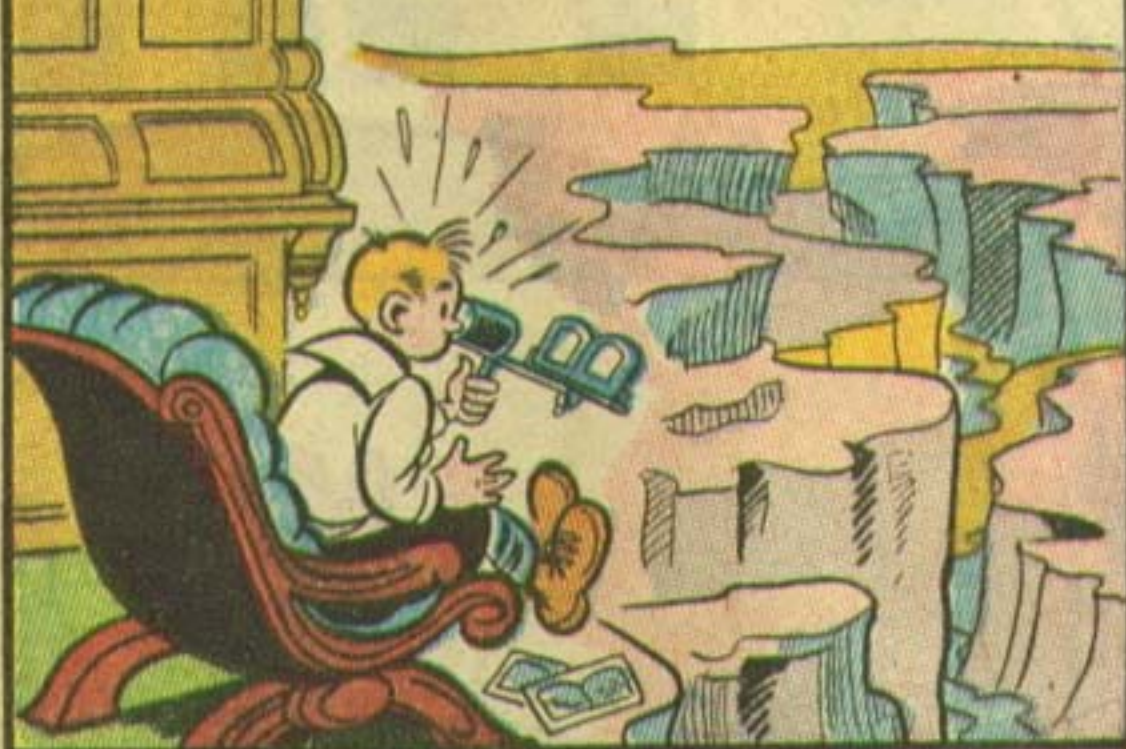


HEY, KIDS--I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST DAY I LOOKED AT THE PICTURES OF GRAND CANYON THROUGH THIS OL' STEREOSCOPE---

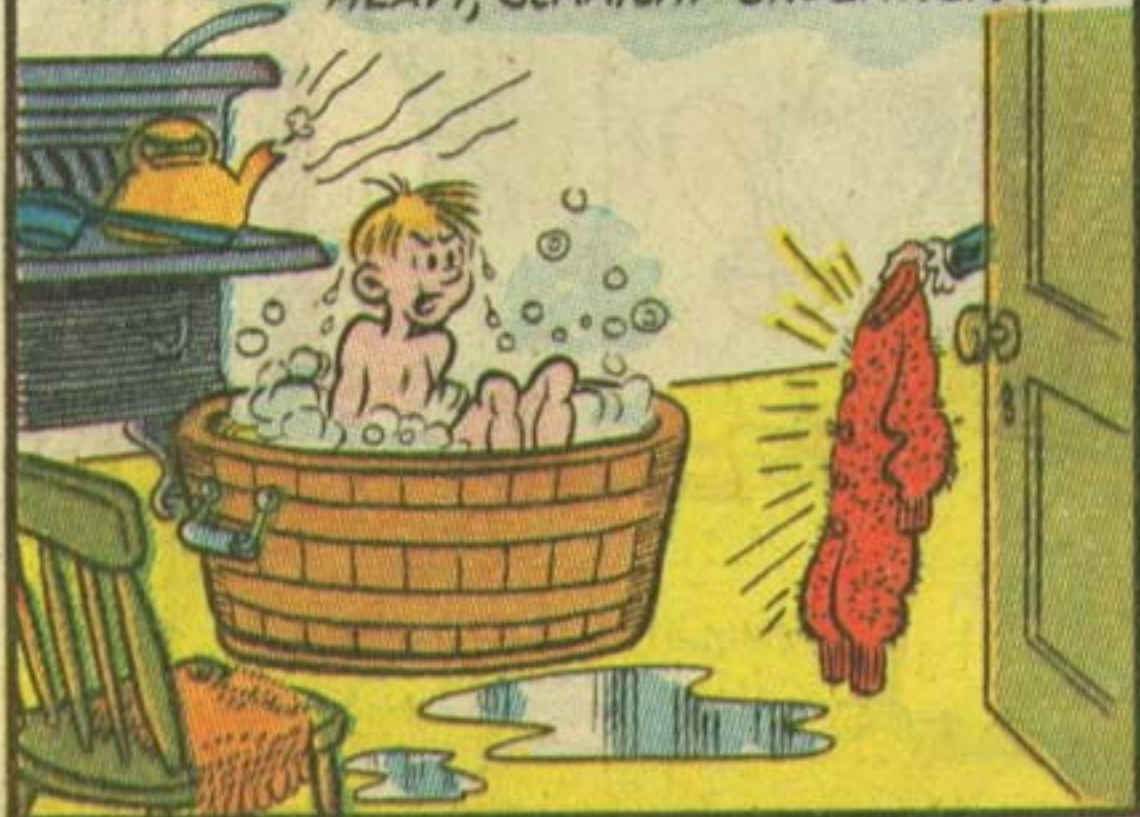
YES, GRAMPS-- YOU WERE A GOOD BOY THAT DAY SO YOUR MA LET YOU LOOK AT THE PICTURES!



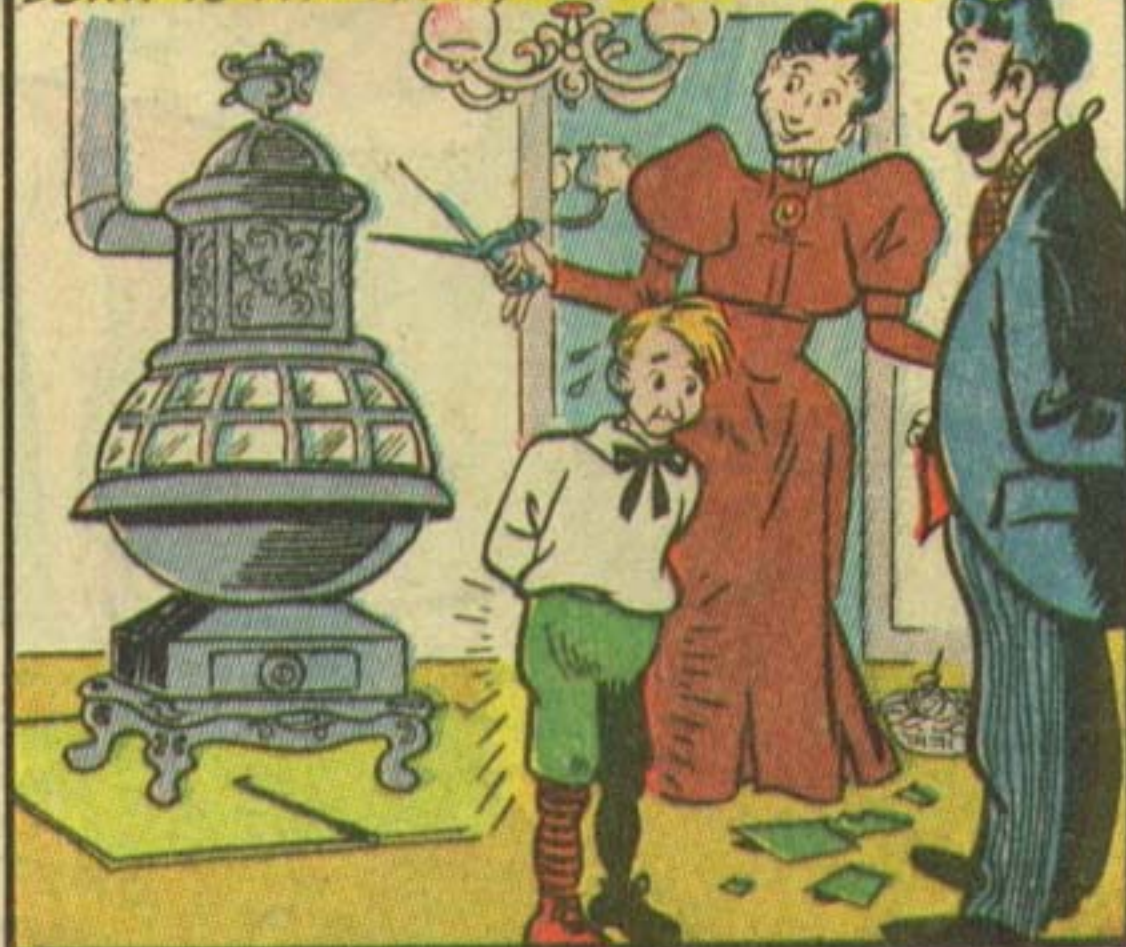
"YEP, KIDS, THAT'S RIGHT!----- OH BOY! **GRAND CANYON**-- WHAT A BREATHTAKING DIZZY THRILL I RECEIVED! JUST LIKE THE REAL THING RIGHT SMACK IN OUR PARLOR!"



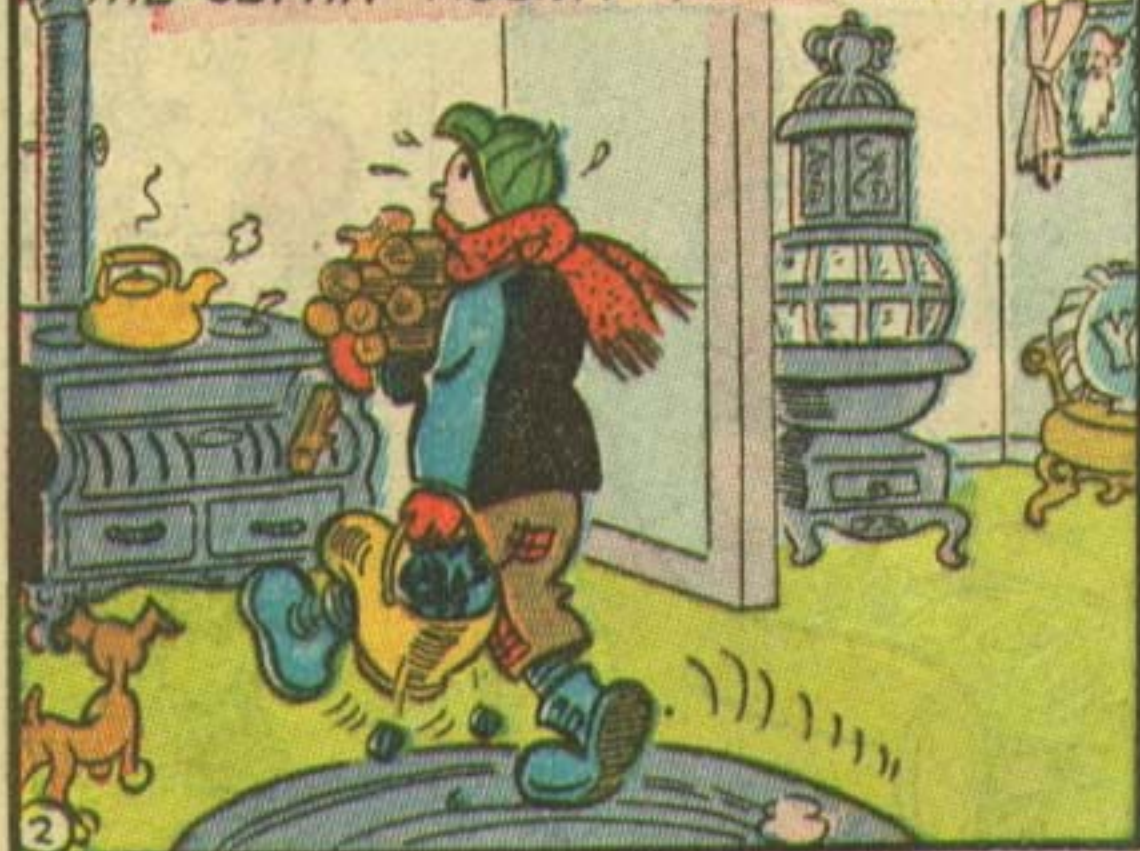
"AH-H-H!" "THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS"--WHEN WE TOOK A BATH IN THE KITCHEN IN THE OLD WOODEN TUB EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT! --THEN PUT ON THAT CLEAN SUIT OF STIFF, HEAVY, SCRATCHY UNDERWEAR!"



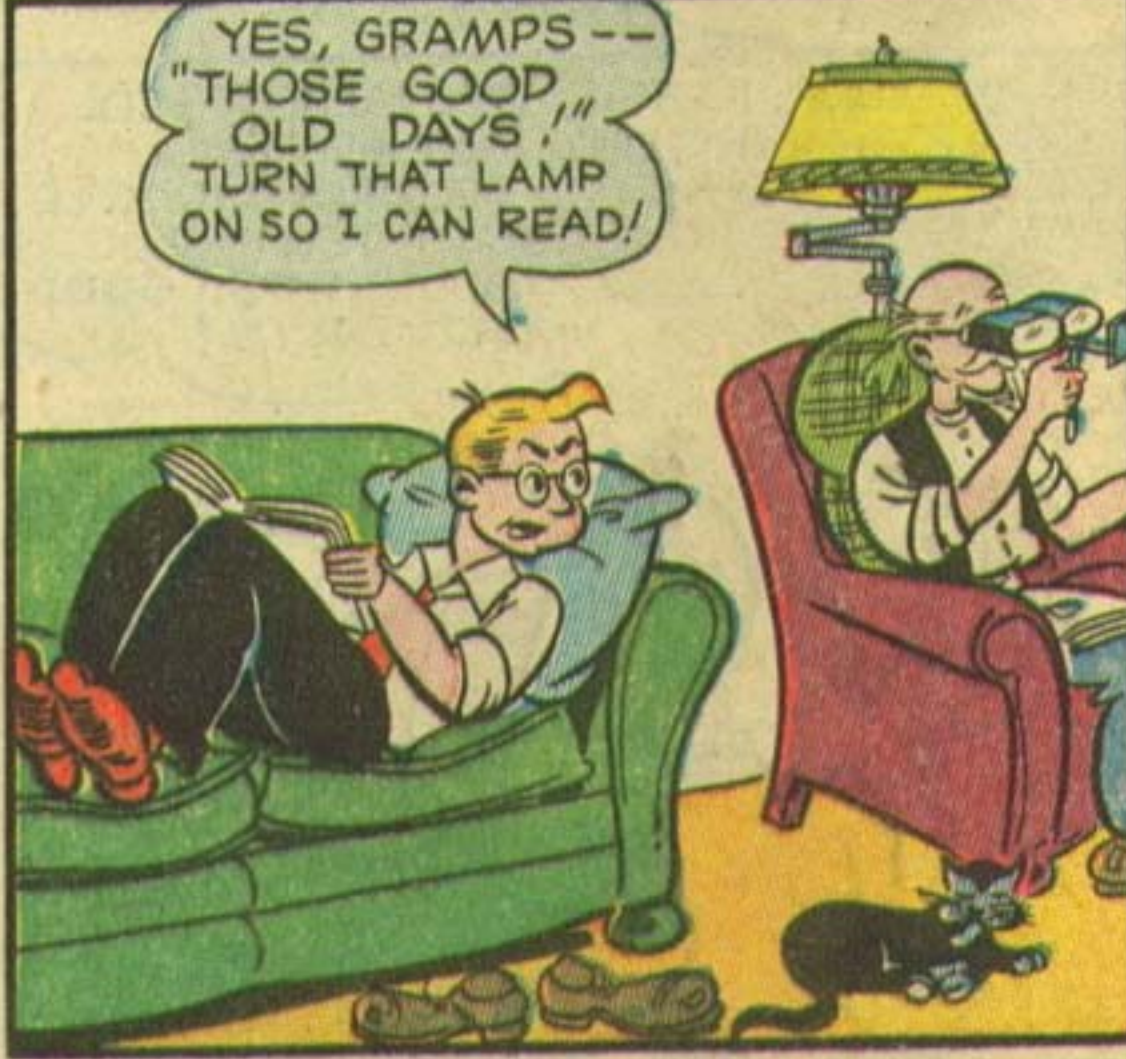
"AND THEN A PAIR OF PA'S PANTS CUT DOWN TO FIT--AH-H, THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS!"

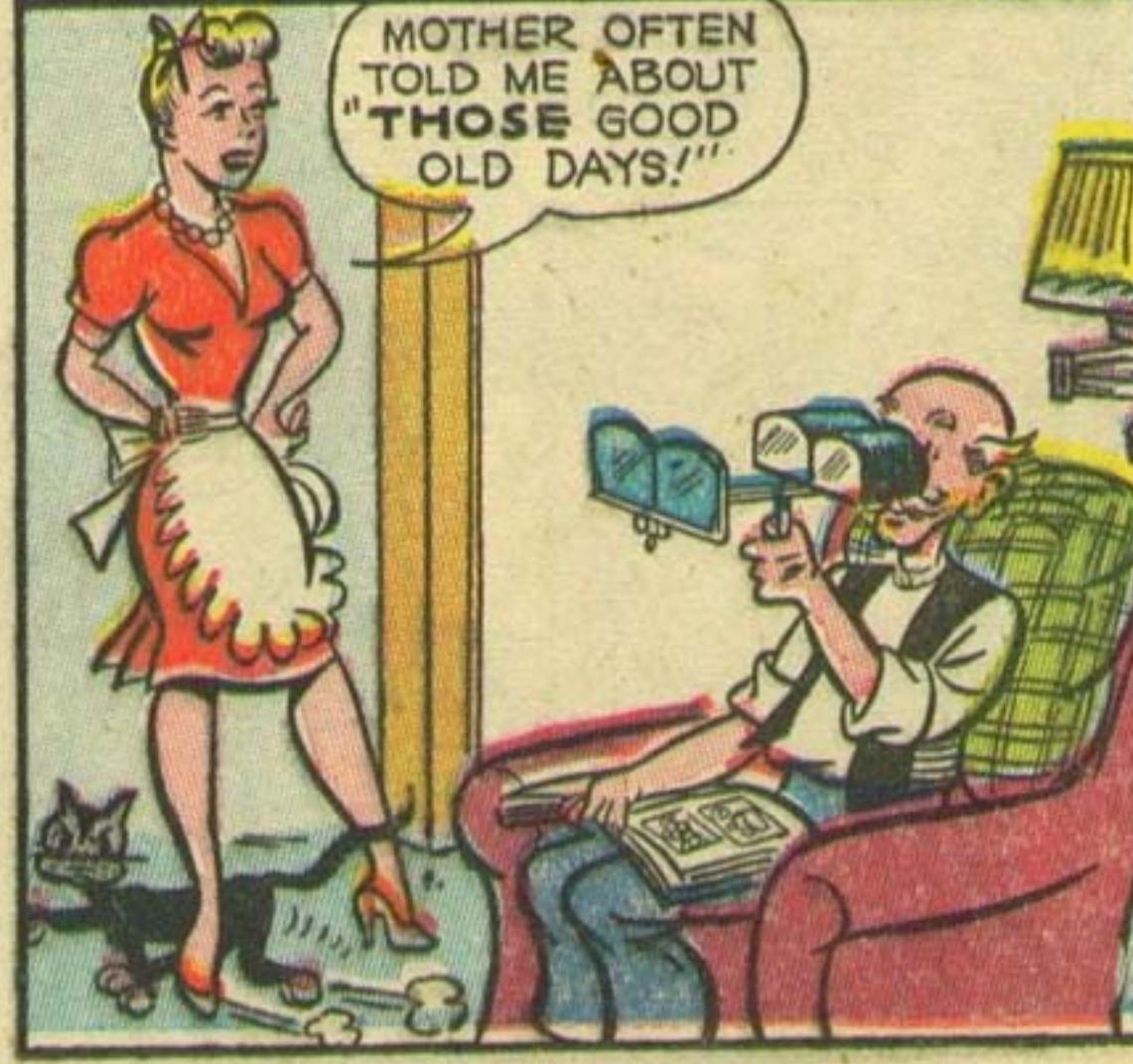
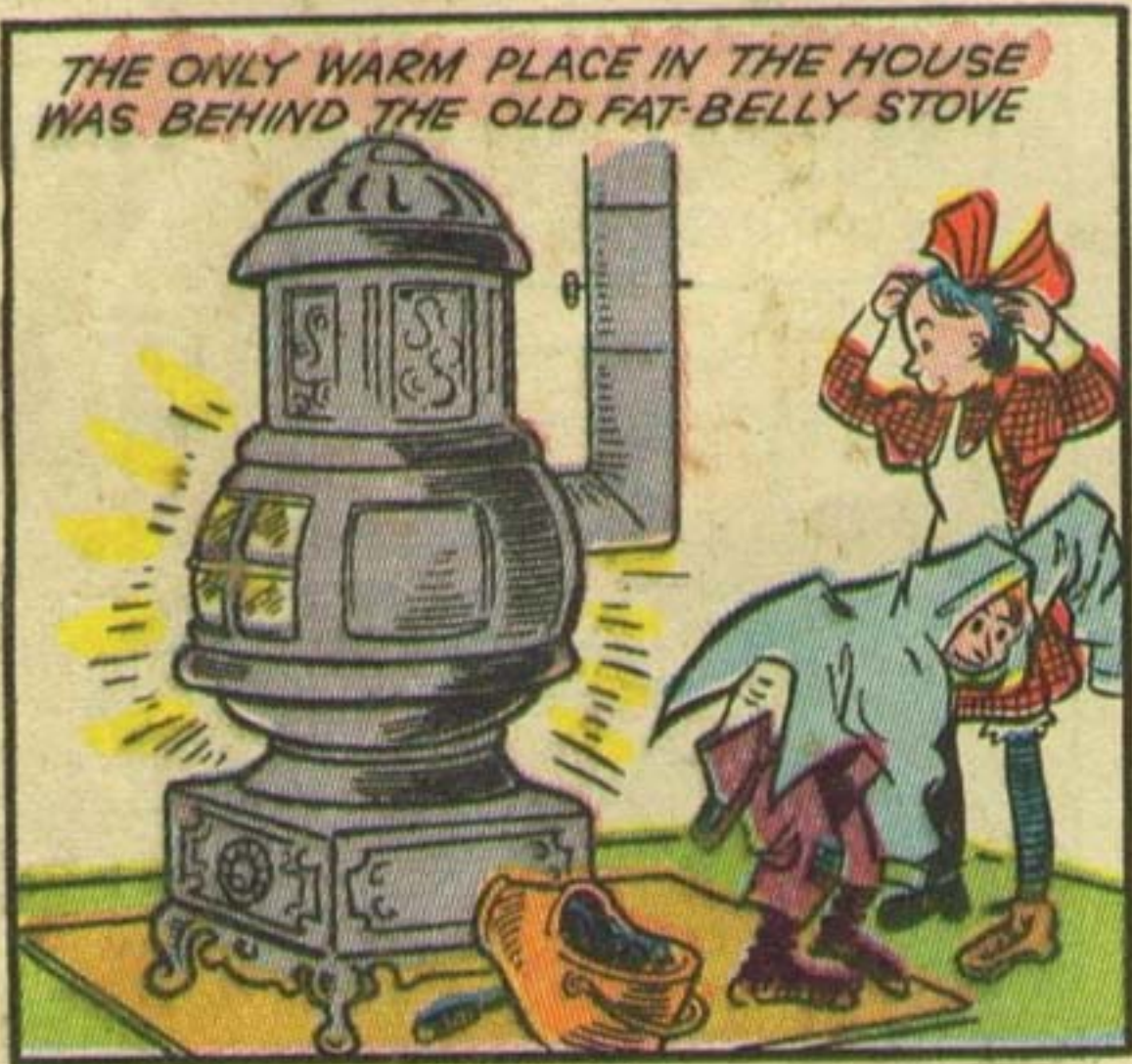
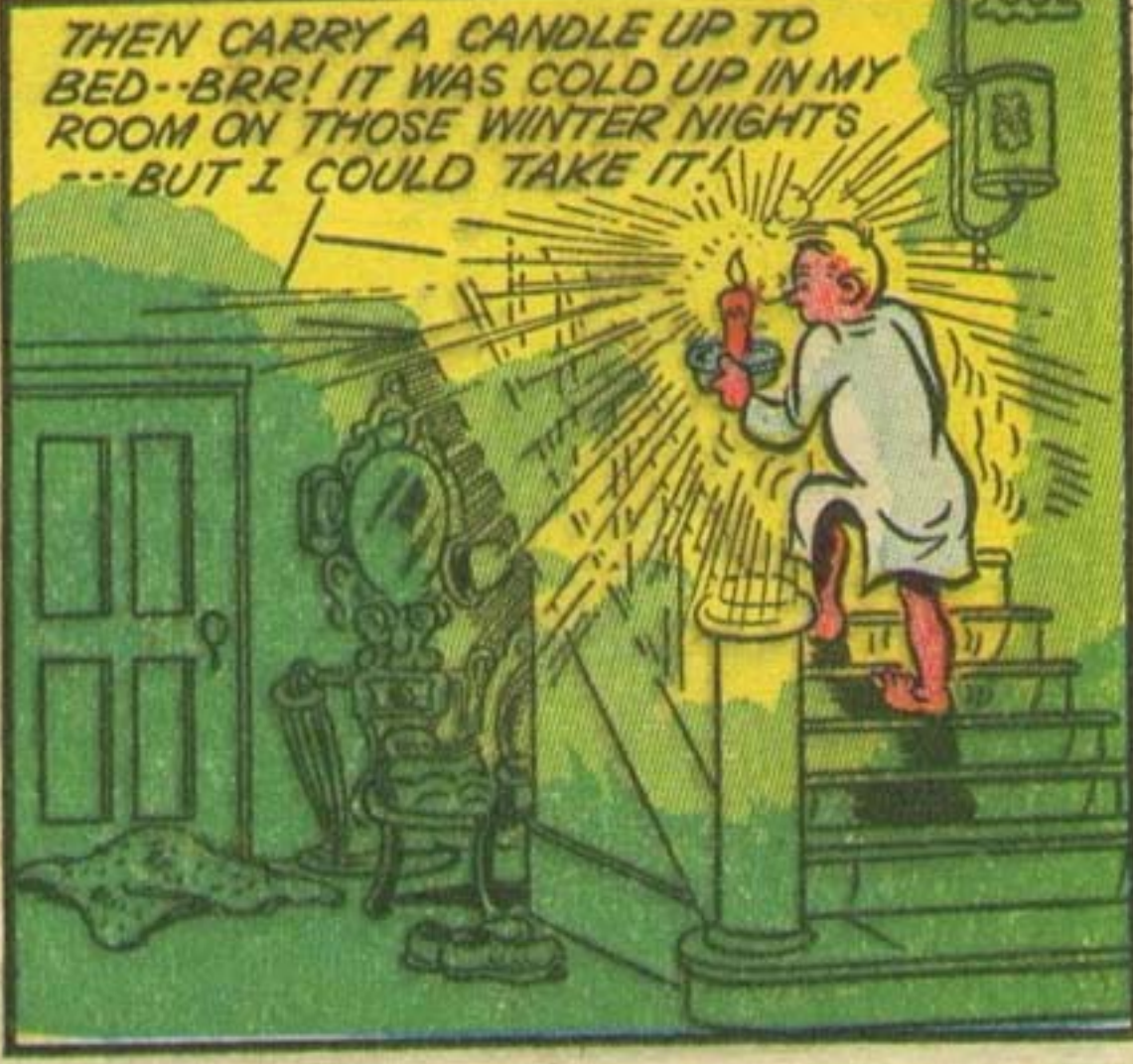


"AND HOW I USED TO HAUL IN WOOD FOR THE KITCHEN STOVE AND A BUCKET OF COAL FOR THE BASE BURNER IN THE SETTIN' ROOM! AH-H-H-H!"



YES, GRAMPS -- "THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS!" TURN THAT LAMP ON SO I CAN READ!

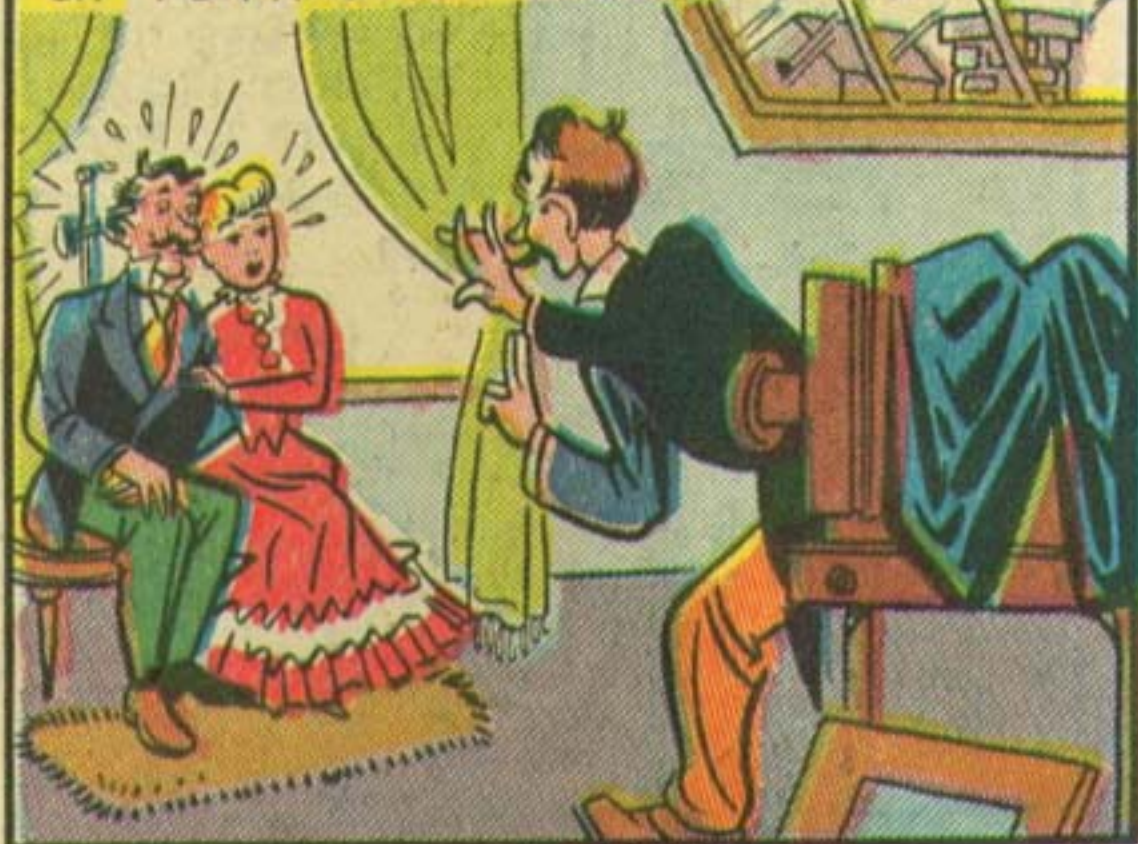




YES, TOOTSIE, THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS!



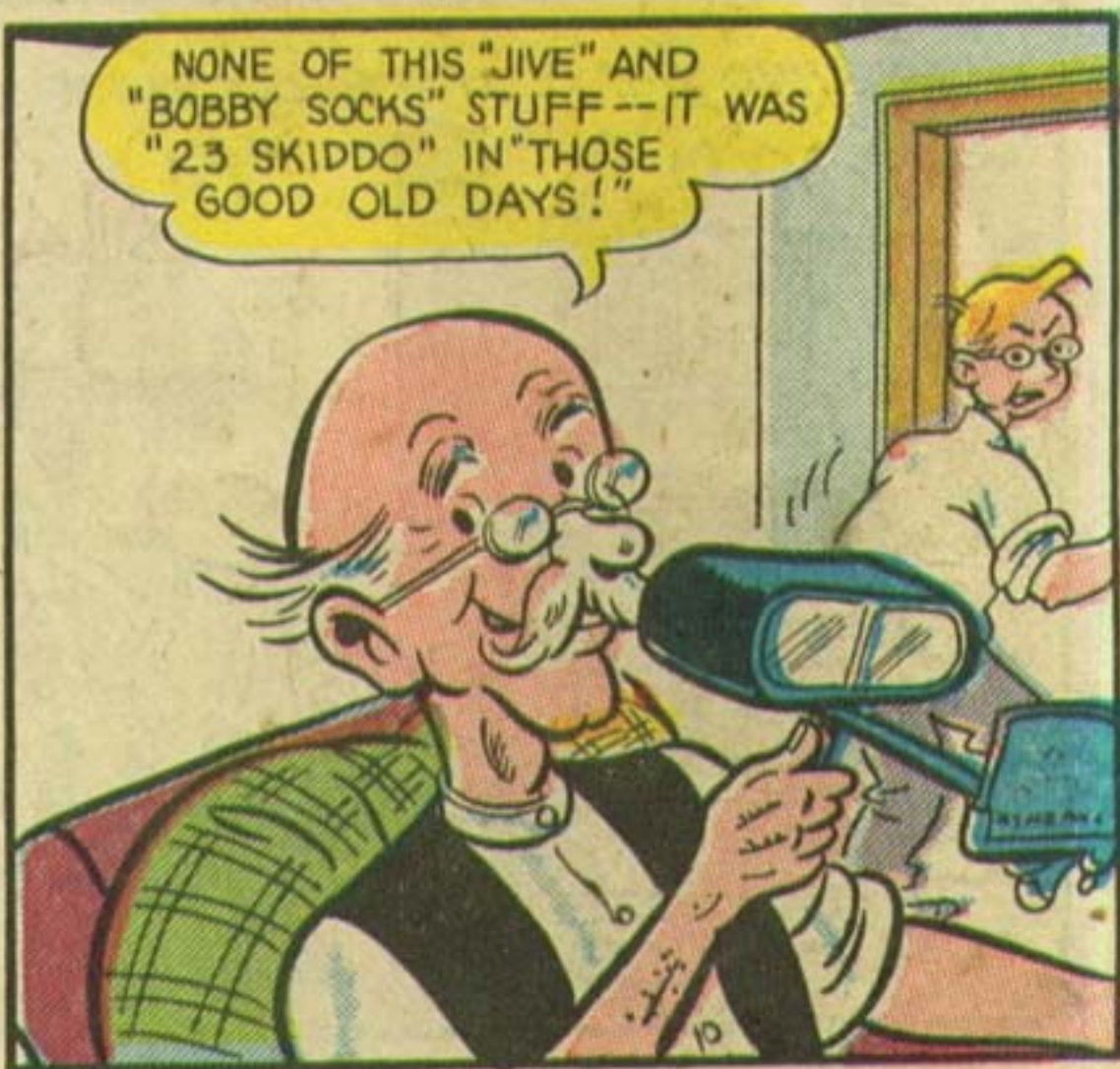
I GUESS THE REASON I NEVER MARRIED AGAIN--- AFTER MOTHER PASSED AWAY WAS BECAUSE I NEVER WANTED TO "SIT" FOR ANOTHER WEDDING PICTURE!



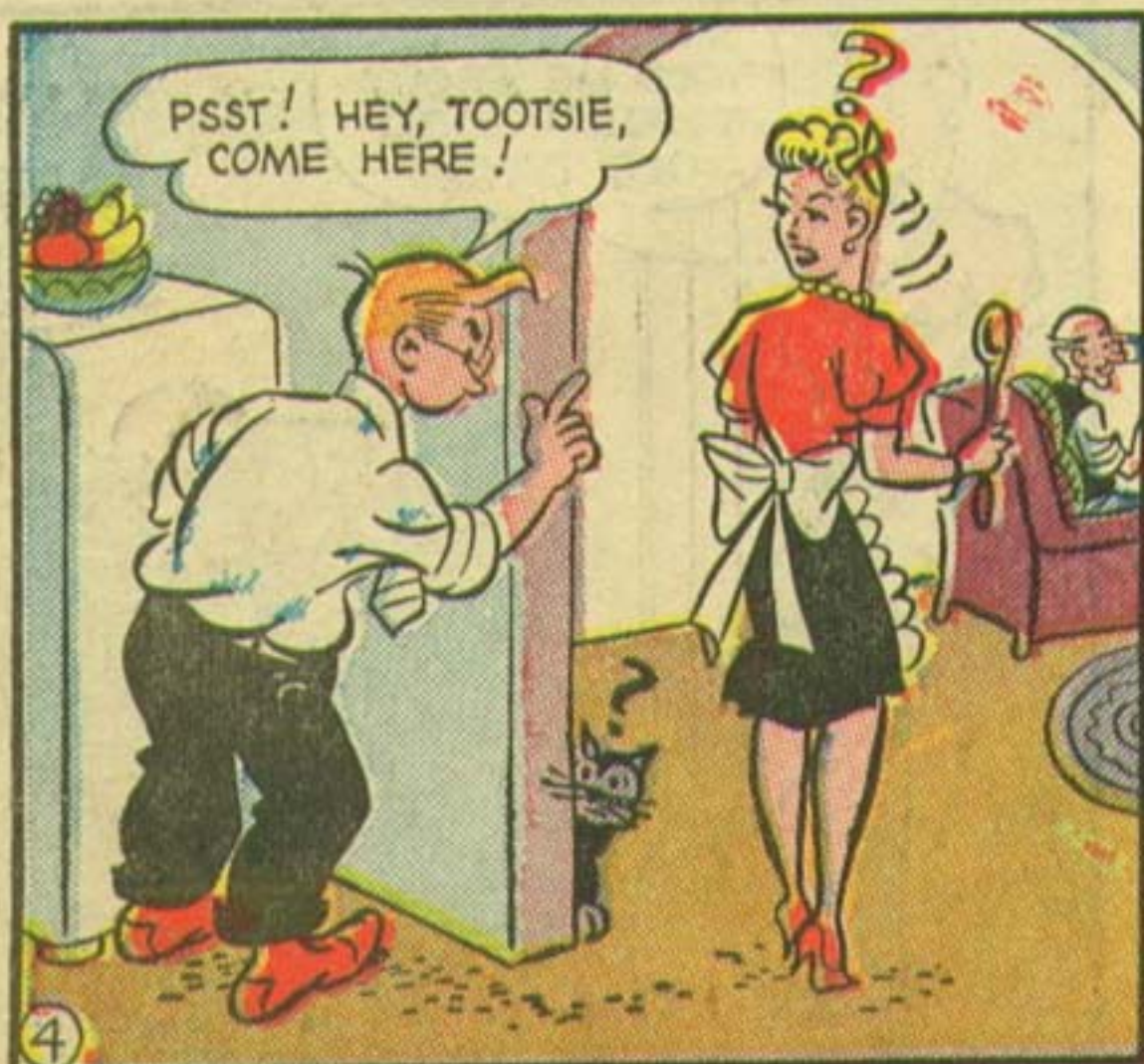
"MANY TIMES THE TIME I'D CURRY MY DAD'S HORSE, WASH THE BUGGY, SHINE UP THE HARNESS AND THEN GO COURTIN'!"



NONE OF THIS "JIVE" AND "BOBBY SOCKS" STUFF--IT WAS "23 SKIDDO" IN "THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS!"

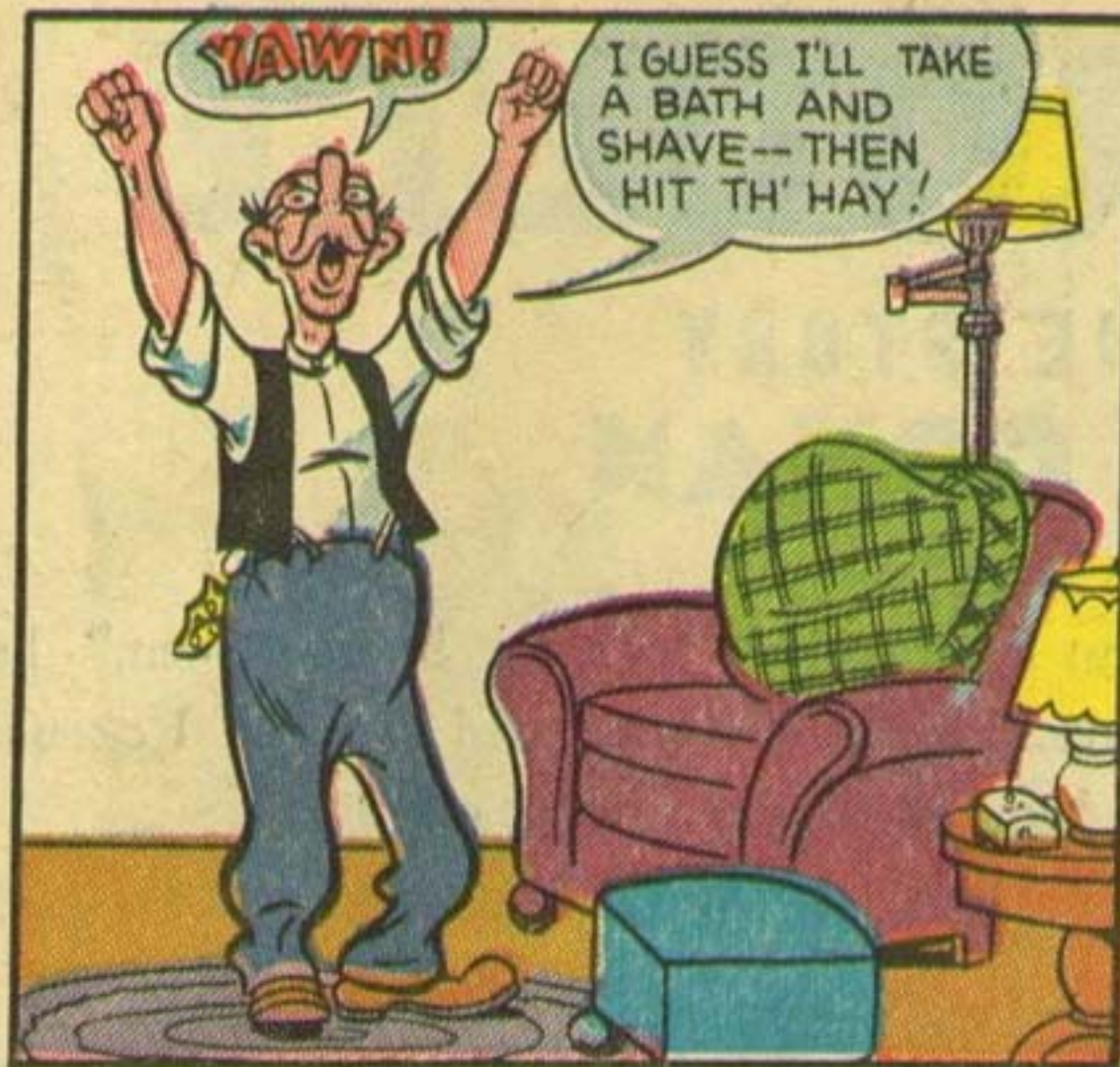


PSST! HEY, TOOTSIE, COME HERE!



I'M GETTING TIRED OF HEARING ABOUT "THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS" --I'VE GOT AN IDEA TO CURE GRAMPS --YOU GO UPSTAIRS AND OPEN ALL HIS BED ROOM WINDOWS-- I'LL GO DOWN IN THE BASEMENT AND TURN OFF THE LIGHTS AND WATER---





CAR TROUBLE

AN ARCHIE STORY
By RAY COHAN

ARCHIE ANDREWS cocked one ear at the slam of the downstairs door that announced the arrival of his father and glanced at the clock on his dresser. Seven-thirty. He sighed and for the hundredth time, nervously ran the brush over his heavily pomaded hair, then snapped off the light in his room and tip-toed softly out to the head of the stairs.

The grumble of his father's voice smote his ears. It was a bearish grumble, rumbling and for the most part, unintelligible, but it seemed to be centered around the family car. Archie didn't need a soothsayer to tell him what part of the car was being discussed. No doubt it was the fender, the rear fender to be exact.

He had borrowed the car a week ago, and parking on a hill, had gone into Larkin's Drug Store for a soda. He had forgotten to put it into gear, as his father had so often reminded him to do, the hand-brake had slipped and the car had rolled back down the hill to

bring up against a pole with disastrous results. The mere thought of the days following that accident made him slightly ill.

Now here it was, just three days after the fender had been straightened, and he needed the car again. He groaned and wondered if his decision was due to a streak of stubborn courage in him or just a streak of insanity.

Throned comfortably in his Morris chair, Andrew senior broke off a grumbling discourse, directed at his wife and stared morosely at the thickly pomaded head of his son, who had just stepped into the living room.

"Well," he said, "stepping out again tonight, eh?"

"Y-yes, Sir. Jughead and I are taking the Lane sisters to the school Prom."

"Humph! I suppose you want money again?"

"N-no, Sir. B-but . . ." Archie trembled and rubbed the back of one hand across his

sweating brow, "B-but," he swallowed hard, "if I c-could have the car, Sir?"

"What! You want the car? Why, you . . . !" he broke off, sputtering, as his eye caught a warning wig-wag signal from his wife. He was licked before he started and he knew it. He tried to give in gracefully, smiled weakly, and said even more weakly, "Why, you can have it. Just be careful, that's all."

Archie waited to hear no more, but fled before there could be a change of heart. He didn't know what power his mother had over his father, but he was for it. At the front door, his father's voice made him pause.

"When you're through with it, drop it off at Gregor's garage. I had a little . . . er . . . trouble on the way home. I phoned them to expect me."

The door closed on Archie's relieved reply.

* * *

Mr. Andrews squirmed under the silent look of accusa-

tion in his spouse's eyes. The motor of the car outside coughed, broke into life. "Darn it!" he sputtered. "Don't look at me like that. You make me feel like a criminal."

"Humph!" his spouse declared coldly. She walked to the foot of the stairs, turned to look at her suddenly shrunken husband. "Humph!" she said again.

Mr. Andrews still squirmed.

* * *

The dance was a huge success. Archie and Jughead were agreed on that, as they left the Lane home and walked back down the path towards the car. It was standing by the curb where they parked it, the parking lights gleaming dimly. There was something about it though, that didn't seem just right, and Archie, glancing at its rear, saw what it was. The tail-light didn't burn.

"Oh-oh. Tail-light's out," he said. "You'll find a new one and a screw-driver in the glove compartment. Get it, will you, Jughead?"

Jughead, rummaging around the glove compartment a few seconds later, heard the stricken howl. He dashed around to the rear of the car to see a limp Archie, sagging against the spare tire and surveying

with sick eyes . . . a badly crumpled fender.

"Jughead," Archie moaned, "the fender. The same one I smashed up last Saturday . . . it's a wreck. Someone must've backed into it at the parking lot while we were at the dance. What'm I going to do?"

Jughead studied the fender. It was badly, though not hopelessly bent. Maybe . . . ! "Look here," he said. "Let's try to straighten it out. We can do it with a hammer and then go over it with some paint."

* * *

An hour later, exhausted by their labors, the two friends stared dully at the damaged fender. Where it had been dented, it now bulged and where it had bulged, it was now dented.

"It's no use, Jughead," Archie groaned, "it's just no use. We'll never straighten it out now. We just made it worse."

"What're you going to do?" Jughead said. "When your father finds this out . . ."

"I know," Archie said sickly, "but it can't be helped. I'll just have to take my medicine. C'mon! I'll drop the car off at the garage."

* * *

The clock downstairs struck two when Archie knocked on

the bedroom door of his parents. One of the twin beds inside creaked under his father's weight and a sleepy voice said, "Is that you, Archie? Come in." Archie did.

"Well?" said his father testily as Archie walked in, "what is it?"

Archie swallowed noisily. "I-it's about the c-car, S-sir! I . . . I . . ."

Mr. Andrews swelled visibly like an angry turkey-buzzard. "You've wrecked it," he said ominously. "Archie! If you wrecked it . . ."

"No, no," Archie squeaked, "just the fender. Someone must have backed into it, while we were at the dance. We tried for an hour to straighten it out, but . . . but . . ."

"That's — uh — okay, son. Just go to sleep and—uh—forget it!"

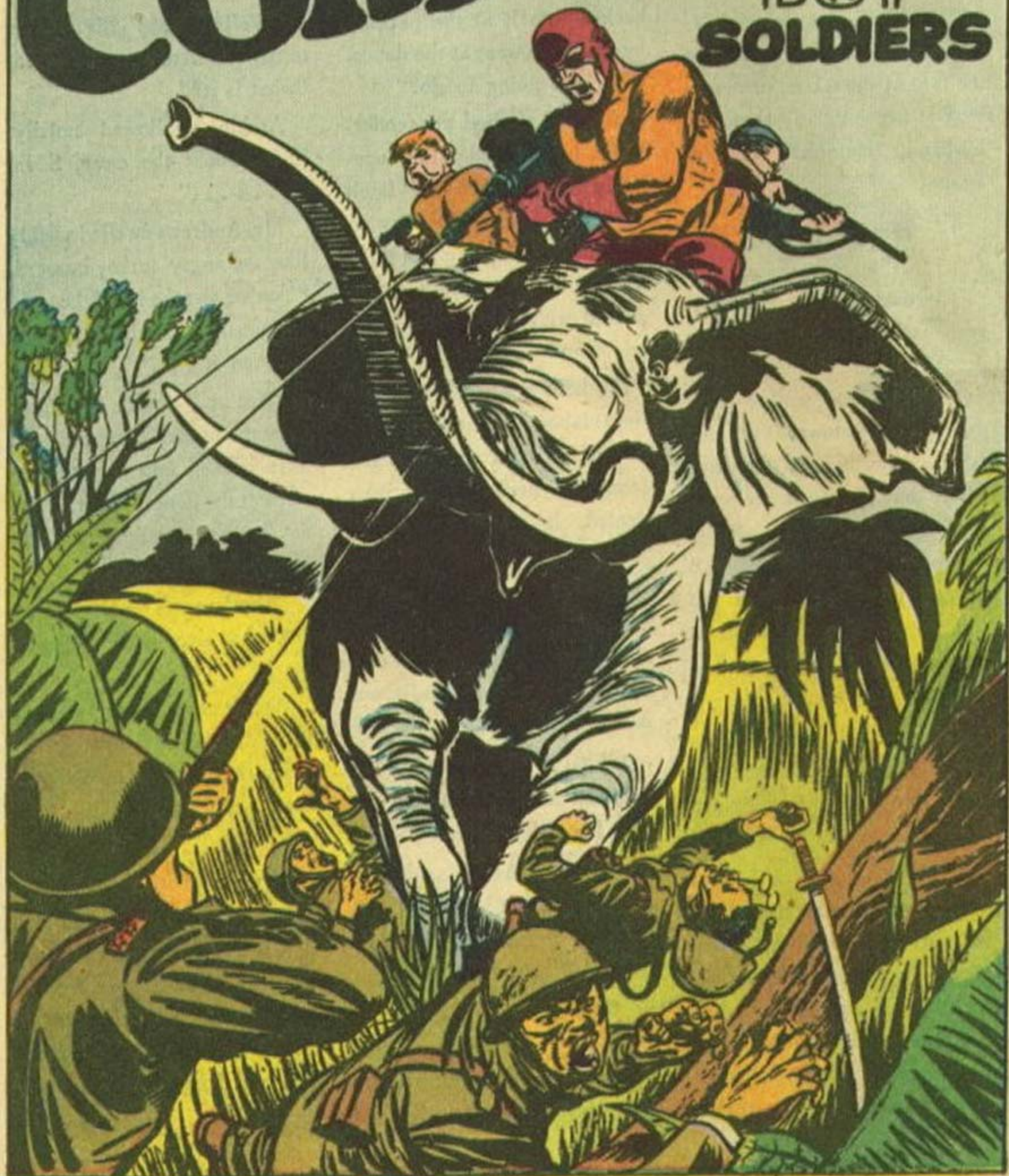
Archie gaped, then stuttered, "I . . . I . . . Maybe you didn't hear, Dad. I . . . I . . . said that . . ."

"Archie."

"Yes, mother," he said.

"Don't worry about that fender. It was your father's doing. You see, dear. He parked the car on that hill in front of Larkin's Drug Store this morning, and forgot . . . to put it in gear!"

CAPTAIN **Commando** AND THE IBOY SOLDIERS



AMONG THE FIRST TO FALL TO THE JAP HORDES INVADING BURMA, WAS THE CITY OF SUKIANG!

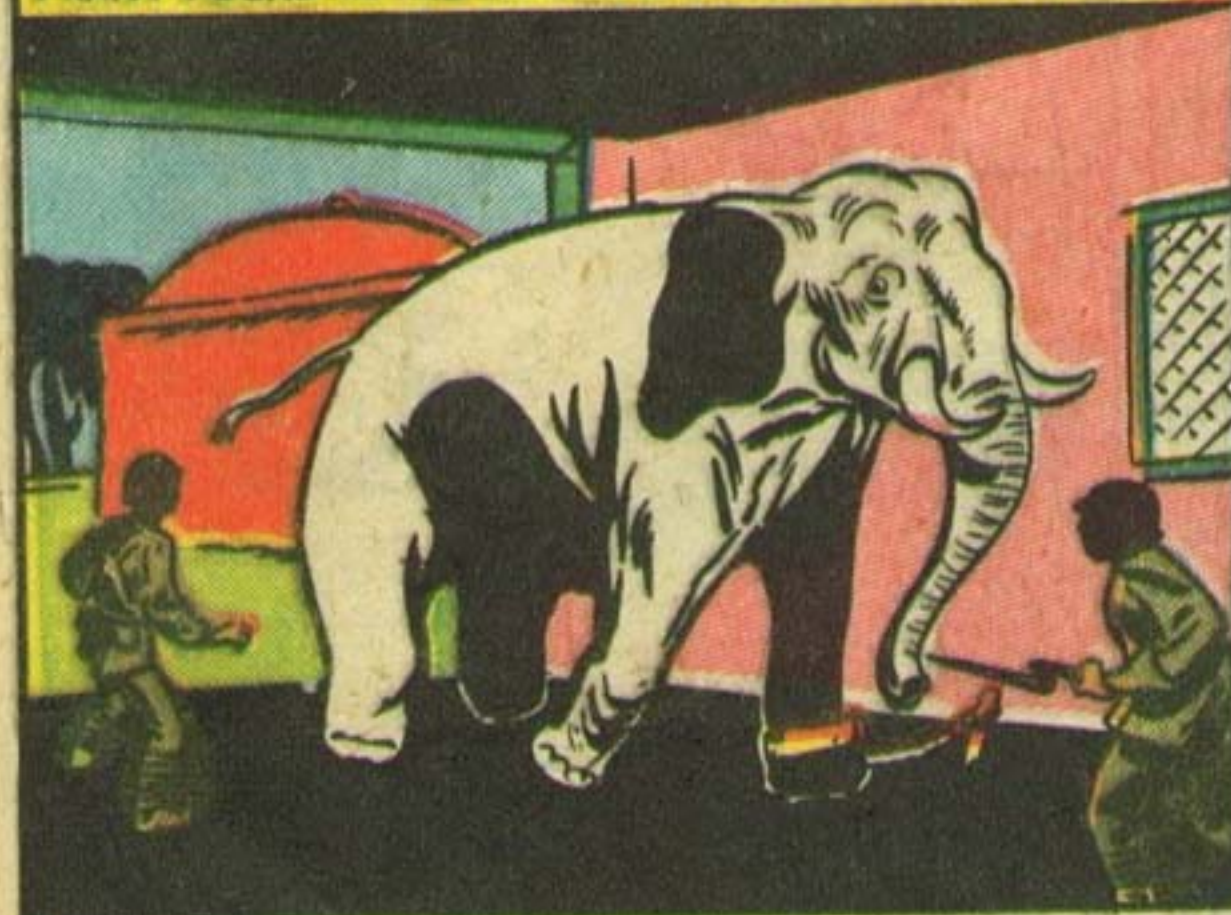


INVASION IS COMPLETE, COLONEL- CITY IS ENTIRELY IN OUR HANDS!

GOOD-COMMANDEER EVERYTHING WHICH CAN BE USED BY US!



AMONG THE MANY PRIZES WAS A SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT FOUND IN THE RAJAH'S STABLES-----



THE JAP COMMANDER ADDRESSES THE RAJAH!

WHITE ELEPHANT NECESSARY TO AID IN CLEANING UP CITY FOR HONORABLE SONS OF HEAVEN-SO SORRY!



NO, I CANNOT PERMIT THAT! TO US, THIS WHITE ELEPHANT IS SACRED! YOU CAN'T USE HIM AS A COMMON MULE OR PACK HORSE!



SILENCE, DOG! TIE THE ELEPHANT WITH TOW ROPES AND PUT HIM TO WORK!



DESCENDANT OF A
MONKEY—DIE
FOR THAT
INSULT!

A-A-GH!

DOG! ENOUGH OF THIS!
COME, LET US HAVE SPORT
WITH THE ROYAL
ELEPHANT!

JAB HIM WITH YOUR BAYONETS,
MEN! MAKE HIM PUSH THOSE
LOGS!

AIEEE!

BAH! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THAT HULKING,
WHITE DEMON! HE DIES—AND IN MOST
UNPLEASANT MANNER!

ENOUGH OF TRIFLING WITH THAT BEAST!
DRAG HIM IN THE JUNGLE!

YES,
EXCELLENCY!



ISS GOOD! NOW POUR THAT
MOLASSES ON SACRED
CARCASS AND LEAVE
HIM FOR ANTS!

HA! EXCELLENCY IS
MOST INGENIOUS!

SENSING ITS FATE, THE WHITE ELEPHANT TEARS
VAINLY AT ITS BONDS!



THEN COME THE ANTS, ATTRACTED BY THE MOLASSES,
IN A NEVER-ENDING STREAM! THEY SWARM OVER THE
HELPLESS BEAST----

GOUGING AND RENDING VORACIOUSLY, AS THE
ELEPHANT TRUMPETS IN PAIN!



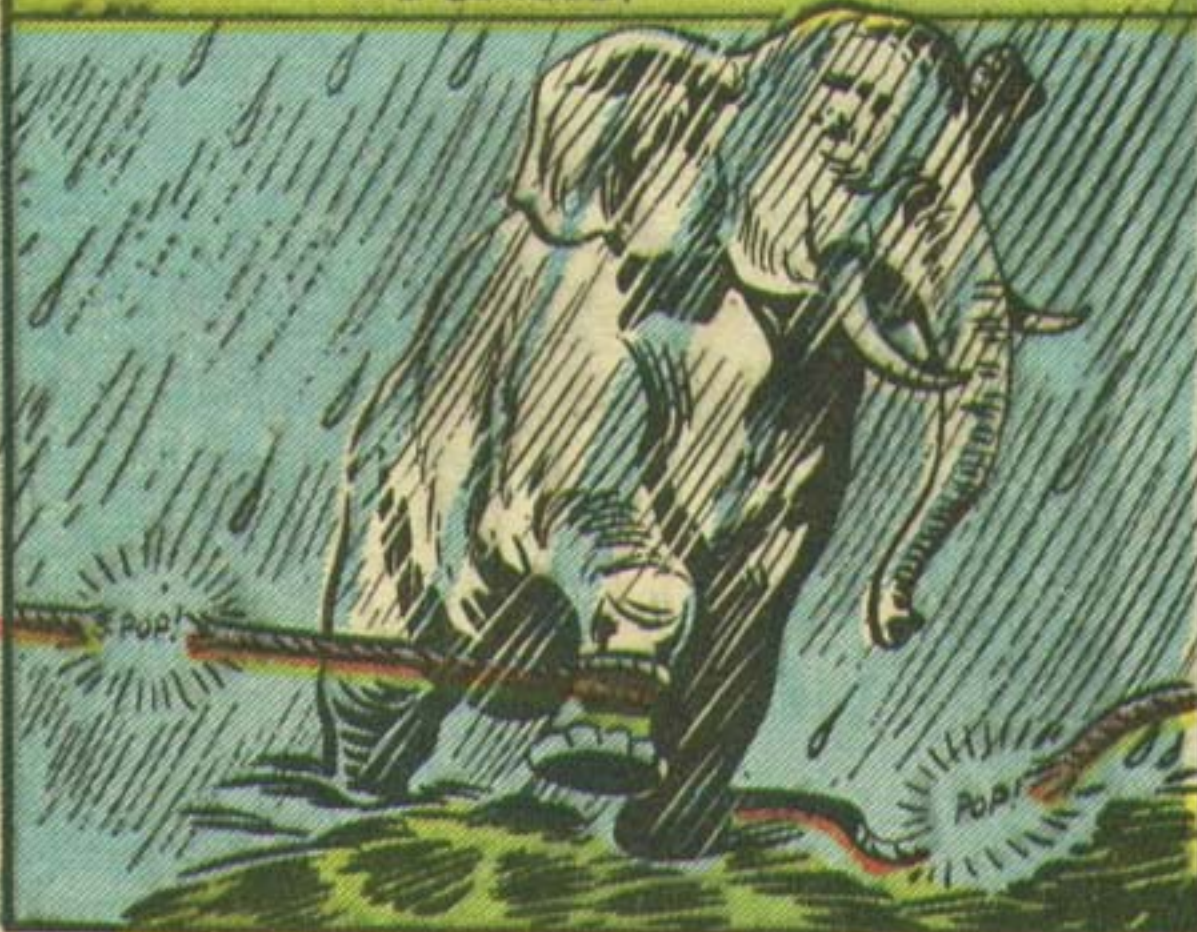
- SUDDENLY, THE MONSOONS-----



THE POURING RAIN WASHES THE MOLASSES OFF THE ELEPHANT!



REVIVED BY THE RAIN-THE ANIMAL GATHERS ENOUGH STRENGTH TO BURST ITS BONDS AND ESCAPE TO THE JUNGLE!



THE YEARS PASS AND THE TIDES OF WAR HAVE TURNED! ONCE AGAIN, BURMA BECOMES A BATTLEGROUND, AS THE ALLIED TROOPS SWEEP DOWN ITS LENGTH WITH DEVASTATING FURY! HEREWITH IS ENACTED AN INCIDENT-SMALL, BUT OF VITAL IMPORTANCE IN THE RECONQUEST OF BURMA!



AT DIVISION HEADQUARTERS!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO, WE ARE NEARING RANGOON!
ONLY THE CITY OF SUKIANG STANDS IN
OUR WAY!



WE WANT THAT CITY SCOUTED, BEFORE
WE ASSAULT IT IN FORCE! THE AREA
HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY MAPPED!
REMEMBER, TAKING SUKIANG WILL
BRING THIS CAMPAIGN TO A
QUICK END!

I UNDER-
STAND,
SIR!



GET YOUR EQUIPMENT TOGETHER,
KIDS, WE'RE GOING OUT
ON PATROL!

JAPHUNTING,
OBOY!



-NOT LONG AFTERWARD!

KEEP YOUR EYES
OPEN FOR
SNIPERS!



HEY, CAP, DO YOU HEAR
THAT RACKET? I WONDER
WHAT IT CAN BE?

CAREFUL! IT MAY BE A
JAP TRICK, TO LURE
US INTO
AMBUSH!



CHEE, LOOKIT DAT-
WILL YA?



BOY! DAT SURE IS ONE GAME ELEPHANT-LET'S
SEE WHAT I KIN DO ABOUT DIS
SITUATION!





-AN' HOW D'YA LIKE DIS LEAD TREATMENT?



ALL RIGHT, FLATBUSH! YOU'VE DONE YOUR GOOD DEED-NOW, LET'S BE ON OUR WAY!

AW, WAIT A MINUTE, CAP! LET'S SEE IF BUSTER IS OKAY!



DON'T GO NEAR HIM, FLATBUSH! NO TELLING WHAT AN ANGRY ELEPHANT MAY DO!

SAY! BUSTER'S ALMOST WHITE, CAP!



HEY! THE ANIMAL'S GONE BERSERK-HE'LL KILL THAT KID!

OOPS!



HOP ON, CAP! IT'S EASIER DAN WALKIN'!

WELL, I'LL BE--!!



OKAY, KIDS-YER NEXT!

LOOKS LIKE YOU MADE A HANDY PAL, FLAT-BUSH!



BOY, WITH THIS TAXI SERVICE, WE'LL GET TO SUKIANG IN NO TIME! NOW, LET'S SEE-- ACCORDING TO MY MAP--??





MY WORD,
BUT THAT WAS
REFRESHING,
EH, CAP?

YES, BUT THAT'S
NOT GETTING OUR
JOB DONE-WE
WERE SENT OUT
TO SCOUT SUKIANG,
REMEMBER?

HEY, WHAT'S
BUSTER ACTIN'
UP ABOUT?



HEY, HE'S
RUNNIN'
AWAY!

HE MUST'VE GONE LOCO!
TRY TO STOP HIM,
FLATBUSH!



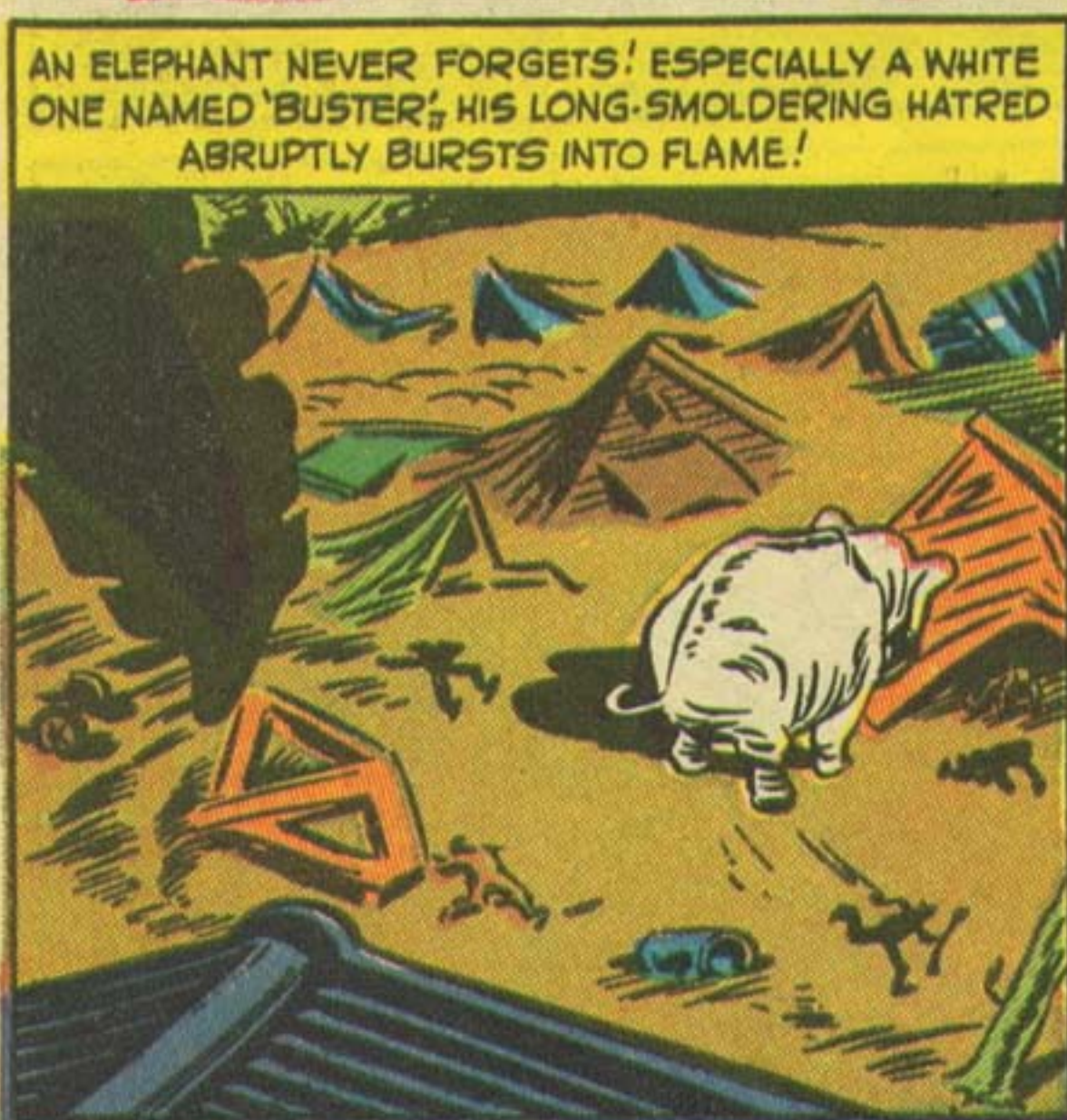
SUFFERIN'
SASSAFRAS-
JAPS!

THIS MUST BE SUKIANG-
START POPPING,
GANG!

-155
AMERICAN
DEVILS!



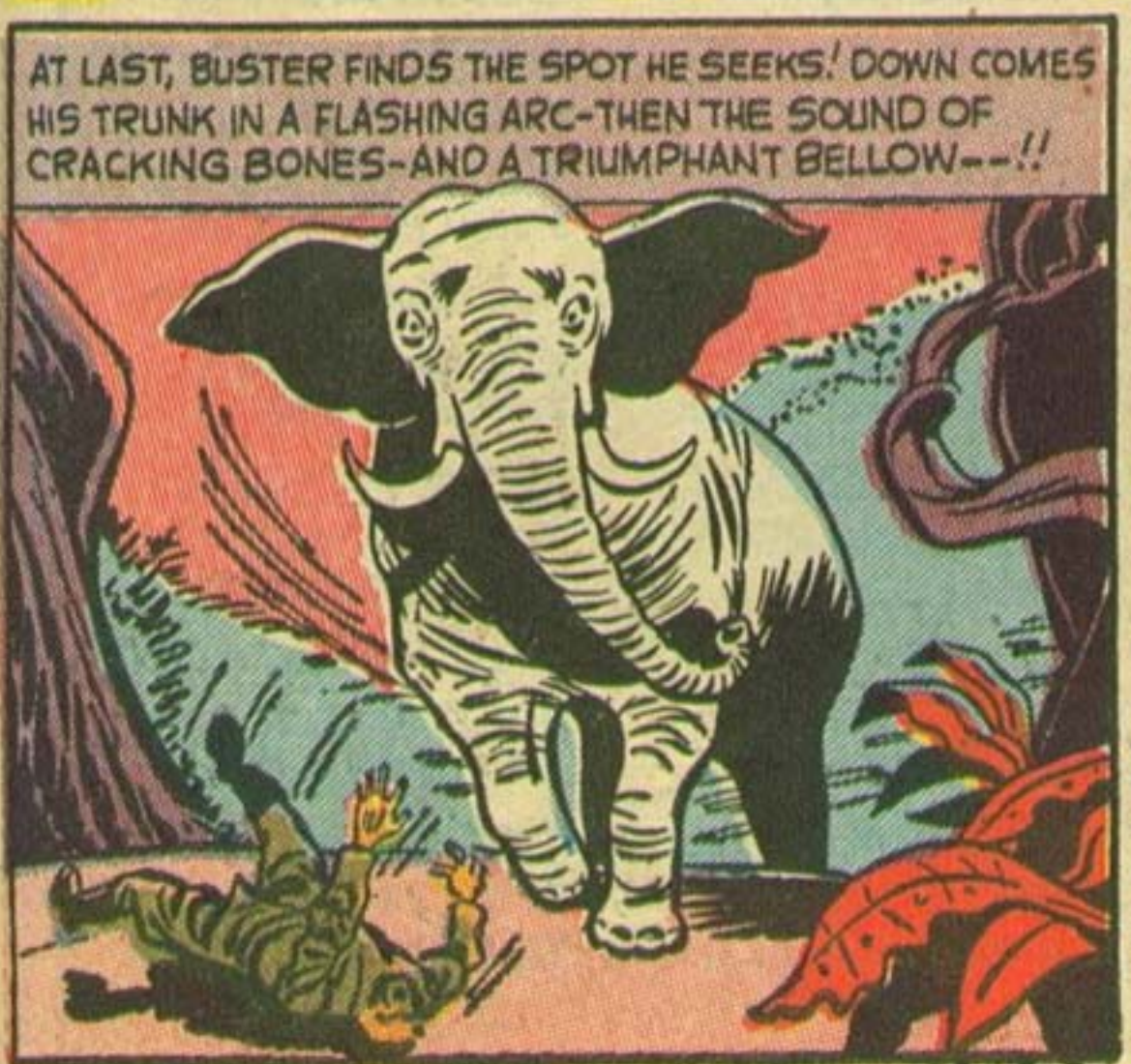
LET 'EM HAVE IT!



AN ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS! ESPECIALLY A WHITE
ONE NAMED 'BUSTER', HIS LONG-SMOLDERING HATRED
ABRUPTLY BURSTS INTO FLAME!



SHADES OF MY VENERABLE ANCESTORS-IS THAT
SAME WHITE ELEPHANT I KILLED MANY YEARS
AGO?-OR IS IT GHOST?



PEP CONTEST PAGE

HERE'S A CONTEST IN WHICH **EVERYBODY WINS!** ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND IN A LETTER OR POSTCARD TELLING US YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTER IN **PEP COMICS!** THE TEN BEST LETTERS WILL RECEIVE A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF **PEP COMICS FREE!** ALL OTHERS WILL RECEIVE A WAR STAMP WHEN THEIR NAMES APPEAR ON THIS PAGE! SO, SEND IN YOUR LETTERS, AND WATCH THIS PAGE FOR YOUR NAME - - - - ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO **PEP COMICS, 241 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.**

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WILLY

THE WISE-GUY

by
"RED"
HOLMDALE

A cartoon character named Willy, wearing a blue cap, a red shirt, and black shorts, is smiling and gesturing with his hands. He has a large nose and a wide grin.

NEVER MIND THE WISE-
CRACKS! COLD BEANS
WILL NEVER HURT YOU-
IN FACT, THEY'RE KINDA
TASTY FOR A CHANGE-
DON'CHA THINK?

SURE ARE-
GULP!

I THINK WE OUGHTA
CALL OFF THIS
CAMPING TRIP-
SEE HOW THE
SKY IS CLOUDIN'
UP, WILLY?

PHOOY-PROB'LY
WON'T BE MORE'N
A DRIZZLE-C'MON,
WE'LL GET INTO
OUR TENT!

ID JUST AS
SOON BE
GOING
HOME!

A REAL CLOUD-
BURST! MAYBE
IT'S BETTER IF
WE WENT!

DON'T WORRY-SUMMER
SHOWERS NEVER LAST-
I KNOW HOW MOTHER
NATURE WORKS!

MOTHER NATURE MUST
BE WORKIN' OVERTIME,
WILLY!

OKAY, DRIP- SO IT'S
RAINING A LITTLE MORE
THAN EXPECTED-BUT
I TELL YOU--

IT'LL BLOW OVER IN
A MINUTE!

THAT'S THE FIRST
RIGHT THING YOU'VE
SAID SO FAR!

LEAVE IT TO ME-I'LL
FIGURE A WAY OUT!





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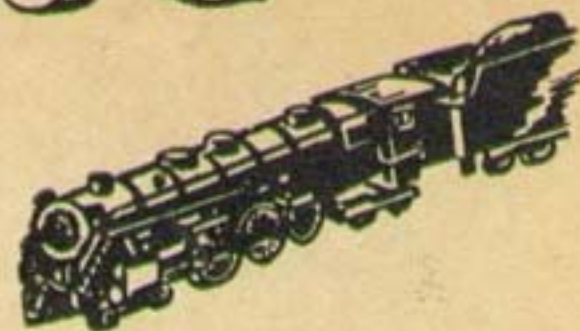
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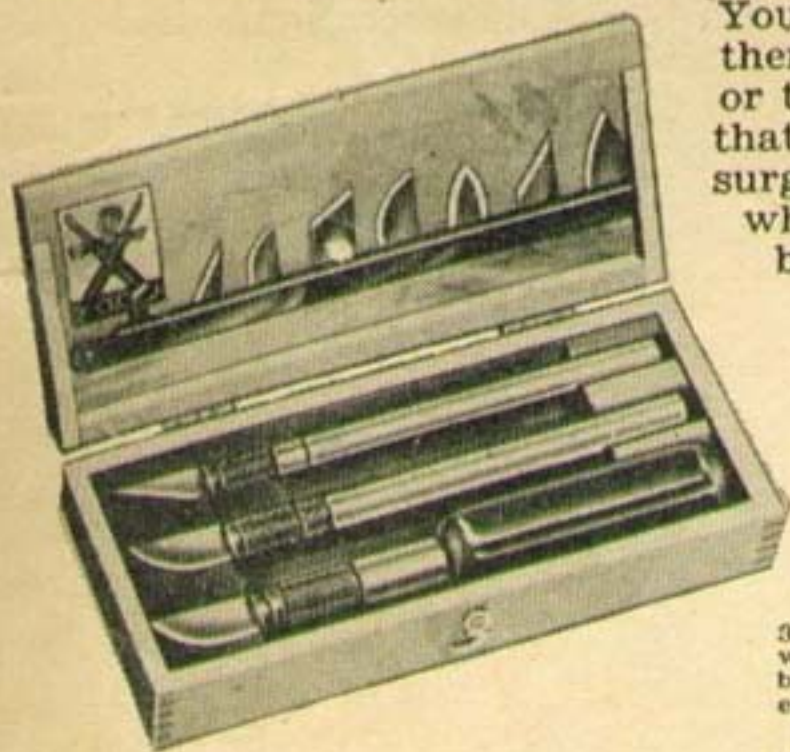


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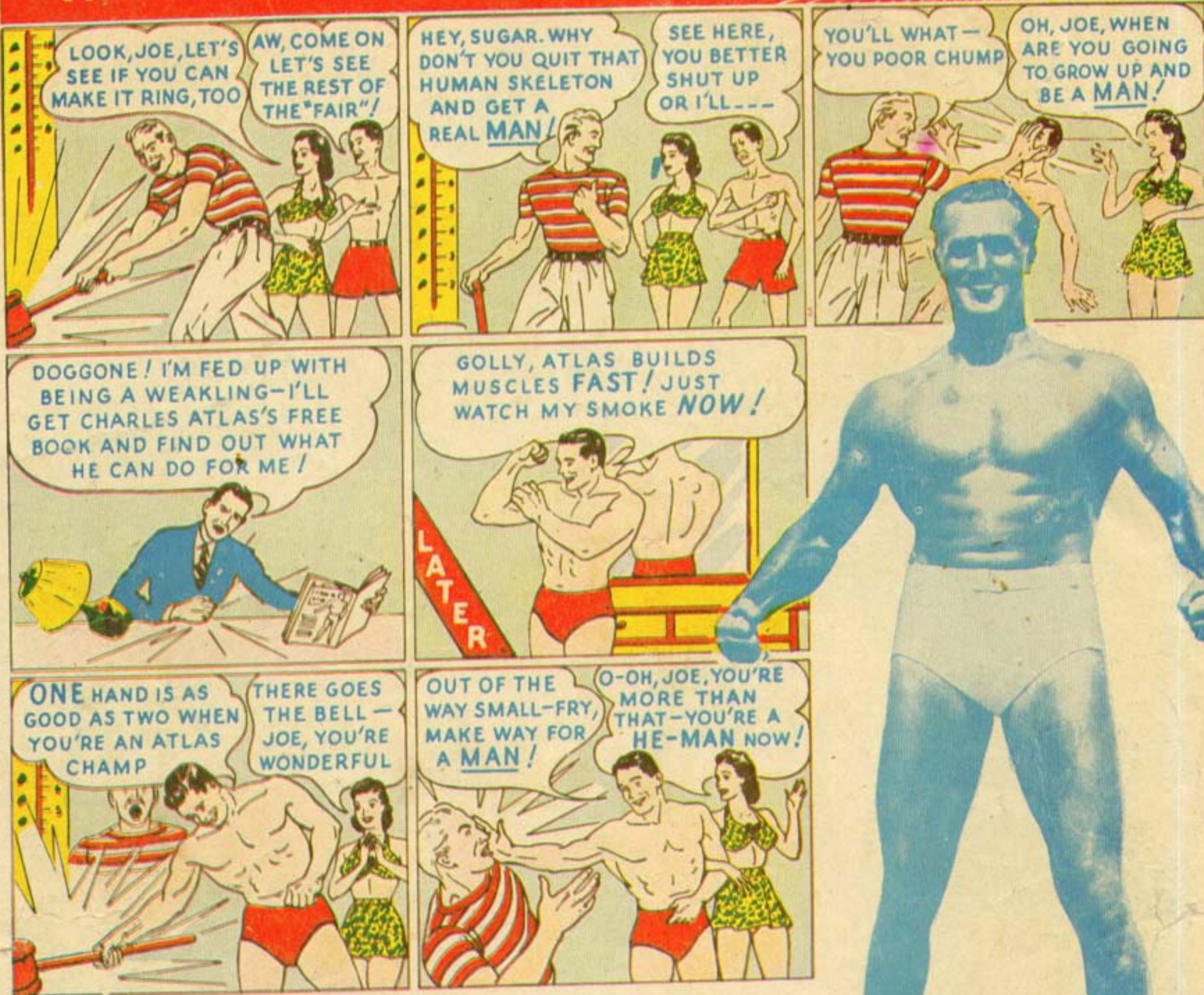
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